

PASQUIN,

A New ALLEGORICAL

Romance on the Times:

WITH THE

FORTIFFIVEAD,

A

BURLESQUE POEM.

Dedicated to the RIGHT HONOURABLE
The EARL of ROCHFORD,
One of His Majesty's principal Secretaries of State.

Published by the EDITOR,
THOMAS ROWE, Esq.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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THOMAS ROWE
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VOL. II

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THE
AUTHOR'S
DEDICATION,

To his Grace the DUKE of

GRAFTON.

IF the late reign and its rapacious ministers, oppress the nation with immense debts, and disseminated the seeds of factious party, which now shoot up and ripen into arrogance; grateful we behold your Grace in this propitious reign, like a great steward reviewing an impaired estate, who, faithful to his lord dismisses the fraudulent, favours the honest and capable, and pursues in every branch the arts of improvement.

With

iv DEDICATION.

With joy the worthy perceive your Grace securing peace, that best of blessings to a commercial people, from which no artifice foreign or domestic can allure you to make warlike Britain the dupe of political ingratitude, in the horrors of continental wars; yet thy vigilance is prepared to punish every insult from hostile arms, and to protect the extensive domains of envied Britain; the seat of science, the emporium of commerce, and the lasting abode of godlike Liberty.

Still with equanimity mayest thou proceed, and moderate the fiery spirit of party, urged by the designing and the desperate, who enemies to peace, order, and legislation, hope to benefit by the confusion of discord. Thus they prostitute Liberty, and force her to give unwilling sanction

DEDICATION. v

tion to licentiousness: yet abandoned by the wise, the worthy, and the great, as their designs are evil, they shall find evil their reward!

But the generous will applaud the statesman, who for national good, and the honour of his righteous sovereign, stands up the guardian of true liberty, against the clamours of ill-designing Faction; which in the end leads to slavery. Therefore we rejoice to see you disappoint the bargain, the chief was making by public commotion, and ready to inflict the punishment due to presumption.

Thus the minister of vengeance, amidst gathering clouds hangs patient over the children of disobedience, till the hour of punishment; then wrapt in terrific darkness he lets loose the winds, breaks down the ocean's bank, and hurls tremendous thunderbolts.

To

vi DEDICATION.

To your Grace then, on whom
Faction scouls with unequal eyes, be
inscribed this piece, as a testimony
of the profound respect, with which
I have the honour to be

Your Grace's most obedient,

and most faithful servant,

ARCHIBALD MACHAY.

Tweeddale, May 10, 1769.

P A S Q U I N.

B O O K the F I R S T.

The A R G U M E N T.

Seraphiel's approach. Britannicus ascends the Alban throne amid the applauses of expectation. Victorious over his enemies, he bearkens to peace. The great commoner lays down a plan, which the foe not approving, Longinus accepts the unpleasing office, and concludes a peace to the disgust of the people. He determines to chase out the old party, which had preyed so long on the vitals of the country. Meantime Faction flying to Lucifer for instructions, is received with joy: and it is decreed by him, that Faction shall distract the Albans, whom nothing can ruin but civil dissention.

AT this auspicious crisis in the fate of Alba, Seraphiel the great guardian power, descended in his invisible chariot to the favoured isle of Alba, provident to establish undisturbed happiness. Pleasure and joy, and

soothing hopes, were the attendants of his serene paths, while he diffused unbounded satisfaction over the mild bosom of tranquility. Sweet peace, from her station of rural felicity, beheld his approach with benignant smiles, and binding her placid brows with olive wreaths, hailed him as he passed amidst her unambitious swains and rosy nymphs: while nature blithly gay, rich in bleating pastures, and plenteous in verdant arable, confessed herself the friend of Alban prosperity.

Now like the rosy sun after a dreary night of darkness, rising glorious in his native East, on the charmed eye of day-invoking pilgrims, Britannicus ascended the envied throne of Alba. Never did prince take the reins of government more applauded as the darling of a great nation, nor can the annals of time furnish an instance, of a free people's paying homage to a young king, with greater demonstrations of affection; or produce a monarch, from whom was formed higher expectations. The Albans naturally flying to extremes, impatient of the last reign, required in this,
more

than the nature of the thing would admit, and more than was possible for a mortal to perform; for was an angel to sit on the throne, he could not quell the viper of discontent.

The public had reason to hope great things from a prince, who born among them, and who glorying in a noble Albans name, received the testimonies of their regard with joy, and the tribute of their duty with gracious promises of an adequate return, in promoting their happiness. The nation was perfectly sensible, that the greatest care was taken of his education, that his morals should be untainted, and his religion unexceptionable.

There were three sets of expectants, the first and largest, was the selfishly interested, who in possession of place and power, or the hope of them, heartily desired the young king, would go exactly in the same destructive way, of which his predecessor was so fond; that he would patronize the same party, and Ixion-like be in love with the same airy phantom, the balance of power, as was Germanes, the favourite prince of the kna-

wish and designing great vulgar. The second consisted of those thoughtless, warm, and fickle people, who seize conclusions without forming premises, and hurried by their eager desires, expect all they foolishly wish. The last were the few wise and prudent, who taught by experience, distrusted popular fame, ever in extremes, and seldom in the right.

Britannicus could not have received the diadem from providence at a time more critical, which was the meridian of a war, rendered successful alone by the talents of the great commander; but carried on at a prodigious expence, when little more could be taken from an enemy, who having a thousand resources, protracted the war at a trifling expence in comparison of the Albans. But tho' there was nothing to be got, there was a great deal to lose, and one bad turn might have been fatal, especially as raising supplies began to be difficult. Tho' many were sufferers by war, however successful, they were the patient part of the nation: but multitudes, and those

of a set the most clamorous, were certain gainers by the bloody trade.

Therefore all things rightly weighed in the scale of impartiality, considering the vast demands of the state, greater than ever was known, daily adding to an enormous national debt, rising greatly above that mark, which Volpone declared as his opinion, would bankrupt the state; that nothing could be conquered, though much might be lost; it was the part of a wise and just prince, who had the good of the nation at heart, as well as its glory, to receive the humbled foe's proposals for peace, especially as all was conquered for which the war began, the northern colonies.

No part could be more difficult to act, for as the Alban successes, were above every thing atchieved before of real value, there was great reason to expect an advantageous peace. And on the other hand, the foes the king had to deal with, were ever remarkable for their politics; the nation was naturally powerful, and though their treasury was greatly exhausted, their trade stagnated, and their poor unemployed; yet they

had a variety of expedients to keep up a war, which was their province: nor could they be easily reduced to a situation to make an ignoble peace, before which they would suffer every extremity; and as to invading their kingdom, they could wish nothing more, so powerful were their armies.

Yet in compliance to popular prejudice, Britannicus still carried on the war in prosperity, with the ardent desire of peace. For his maxim was that of Phocian, who though chosen forty times generalissimo, declared; that a state is weakened by the justest wars, and that peace ought to be the grand object of every wise government. His humanity wished to disperse the calamities of slaughter, and he could not hear even of the distresses brought on his enemies, without a sense of pity for their sufferings. It is the part of unfeeling avarice to delight in profitable wars, insensible to the thousands that fall; and the ear of ambition hears with savage delight the cries of the wretches falling beneath his vengeance, that he may rise in popular glory

ry, or gain an unnecessary acquisition. But a good king ought to be possessed of worthier dispositions, he should never be actuated by self-interest, however clamorous, or the specious pretences of ambition; nor should delay making a seasonable peace the moment she offers reasonable terms. Contemned, not punished, be the invectives of disappointed wretches, who vulture-like, hunt after errors, and magnify them with the highest strains of spite, for these things will be while men are men. But if a king must err, it had better be on the side of peace than war; for acting on wrong principles, the king is often answerable for the lives of his subjects thrown away in wantonnels. Enemies do we falsely call the poor wretches, forced to fight the battles of their ambitious tyrants, to execute the vile politics of the unprincipled villains, and carry on the laborious burdens of the avaritious, suffering a thousand miseries, and falling beneath the darts of death; while they, the fatal causes of the evil, are protected in their proud palaces, by the very slaves over whom they tyrannize?

nize? But a time will come when they must give a true account of their actions before a severe judge, who will laugh at proud connexions, and set all things to rights!

At length Britannicus found it was necessary he should listen to the voice of peace. The great commoner was employed to lay down the plan, to which, though adequate to his success, and yet not exorbitant, the enemy could not be brought to consent; and in disagreeing, they artfully brought on a rupture with another potent kingdom, who likewise involved an Alban ally in the terrors of war. Still Alba was not to be intimidated, and success crowned the efforts of a great people, but who now became exhausted of expedients, to raise the prodigious supplies necessary to answer the extensive demands.

Peace became more and more necessary, especially as the northern empire was conquered, and as it was impossible much longer to cope with such potent enemies, if affairs took an unfortunate turn; for then Alba would be left to the mercy of the conqueror, all its acquisitions

sitions must have been restored, as well as many injurious concessions made, while the haughty powers would have torn off every laurel from the brow of victory. Accordingly Longinus consented to take the critical and disagreeable office of primero, in order to carry on the favourite plan of his late master Alfred; tho' he knew he should be the butt, at which the interested, the discontented, and the ignorant, would be for ever shooting the sharp pointed arrows of malignancy.

This was a duty which he owed to the memory of his princely friend Alfred, now performed in gratitude to his gracious dowager, and in obedience to his beneficent sovereign. Therefore he undertook a task, the most irksome in nature, and which the great commoner wisely declined, who knew the Albans, and has felt their reproaches.

Thus if the affairs of a cobbler go wrong, he vents his spleen on the court; and the most paltry scribblers shall earn their bread, by spinning, spider-like, abusive letters against some statesman, or by torturing their shallow brains in fabricating

bricating pamphlets against the government; not having the least genius, taste, or knowledge to write on any thing else, and here only inspired by the rancour of envy, ever mad to see any happier than itself. And yet there are always species of readers, greedy enough to buy invectives against their betters. So fond are weak minds of calumny and vile aspersions.

At length Longinus was inducted in the high post of primero, for though the ambition common to every bosom, might naturally have excited in him a desire to ascend that slippery eminence of honour, yet now his prudence, in which he was a consummate master, with the utmost precision, foresaw the impossibility of his continuing long in that dangerous post; supposing he wished it ever so much, and was ever so much a favourite with his sovereign.

Never could any man have come into that department with greater disadvantages. He was of a northern family and name, which the interested cabals affected to hate, and therefore he was of course unpopular. It was industriously
objected

objected to his fame, because his gracious sovereign, out of gratitude for his fidelity and care in his education, distinguished him by his favourable regard; that he was a favourite! a name so detested among the Albans, the very mention of which sets them on fire: and lastly, he succeeded one of the greatest, and most upright ministers, that ever Alba was blest with; and, who having but just saved his country, almost ruined by wretched blunderers, had gained the noblest acquisitions, which of necessity many of them would be restored.

But disregarding the opprobrium which would be thrown upon him by disappointment, folly, prejudice, and the interested; as it was for the good of the whole, he mounted the dangerous height, prepared and guarded by conscious integrity; and at last struggling through immense difficulties, and undergoing direful mortifications, a peace was concluded in his administration: and happily for Alba, as peace to her is the best of blessings, though by her blood-thirsty sons so much reviled!

But

But the most arduous task, approved by the powers above, and enjoined by the great Alfred, was yet to come, and which exacted the exertion of superior talents and extensive abilities: such as genius to plan, courage to attack, patience to bear, fortitude to persevere with spirit and resolution to go through the mighty business. It was all the Herculean labours in one dangerous enterprize, and like another champion, he undertook to deliver the country from cruel tyrants, fierce savages, and man-devouring monsters. First, he more than slew the Nemean lion, in destroying direful war; next, he overcame the many-headed Hydra of party, he routed an army of Centaurs half beasts and half men, out of various places; he gave the continental kings, who had so often devoured Alba, to be devoured by their own armies. He fetched the friends of his noble patron from a Tartarean banishment. He cleansed the Augean stable at the palace where Germanès kept his beasts and birds of prey, and gave them a violent expulsion; and he overcame the old dragon, who pretending

ing

ing to guard the treasury, devoured the golden apples, and thus he took possession of the Hesperidean gardens.

But he knew in attacking a hornet's nest, they will revenge themselves tho' it costs their lives. He was not ignorant, that in driving from posts of honour and profit, every demi-beast, the Centaurs; that they would form themselves with the factious Hydra of party; who from a million of mouths, vomiting treason, excites to insurrection and rebellion. He was thoroughly sensible, in driving away the birds and beasts of prey, who so long had been devouring the nation's vitals, that they would endeavour to tear him to pieces; and that in spoiling the dragon, who kept the golden apples, and giving them the rewards of virtue, honour, and merit; that all the poisonous serpents he bred, the ravenous vultures, the spotted tygers, and dreadful griffins, would seek his destruction with the utmost enmity, pursue him night and day with fiery rage unquenchable, and devour him with excess of barbarity. But supported within by a consciousness of rectitude, and
protected

protected by his sovereign's approbation, he began the battle.

In the interim of these great events, the seditious demon of faction, who delights in presiding over privy conspiracies, rebellion, and regicide; perceiving, as he invisibly mingled himself among the busy mortals of this world, that Britannicus, out of love for his country, would act contrary to the principles of the former reign; therefore he promoted, as far as his power reached, the partizans of Germanes; and was him, who before inspired the ambitious soul of Volpone, to dis sever the paternal affection of Germanes from his princely son Alfred. Familiarized to the fatal measures of the cunning Volpone, the nation was by degrees tainted with his corrupt system; and by his artifice, and their own venality, most people were assimilated to his party. Not only the Plebeans were poisoned by the bitter sweets of bribery, but he had those among the nobility, who, infatuated by the love of power, and pleasure, willingly became his slaves, and appeared in his silken fetters. This faction

tion beholding, and that things were ripening for some great event, he quitted for a moment his favourite spot, and repaired to the aerial palace of the proud prince of air; who was coming to receive the homage of inferior princes, and give out his imperial commands to the gods of deluded mortals.

High aloft appeared the throne of state in the dome of audience, while beneath, were placed various thrones of different magnitudes, according to the office of the terrene gods, with broad stations for the demonic guards clad in horrent arms, and big with forms of terrification. All around was a stupendous gallery circling the temple, which were to be filled with spectator-demons; besides those fallen angels of an inferior order, who crouded below in promiscuous multitudes, at once to gratify curiosity, and give momentary ease to eternal pangs.

At length the emperor of the terrene gods in council approached, and entered his throne sublime, faintly imitating the glory of heaven, with external pomp in his painted bubbles of air; while

within he was destitute of true grandeur. In a moment the blazing sun with all his force shone direct against the starry throne of Lucifer, whose brilliancy dazzled the eyes of the spectators. As the imperial demon seated himself in his throne of light, vast peals of thunder announced the presence of the aerial prince, and all at once the trumpets sounded, the drums beat, and directly a full band of warlike music, from every wind instrument, resounded with magnificent harmony; and all was concluded with a grand sublime chorus, which proclaimed the praise of him who shook the almighty's throne, and gained the aerial kingdom. When concluded, the whole multitude shouted for joy, and the gods of hell prostrated themselves in sign of obeisance before the pompous sultan.

Silence then ensuing, Mammon the god of riches, stood up and said. Hail supreme lord of this mighty globe, we thy substitutes, sharing thy power, reduce all mankind to thy sway. The world cannot serve god and Mammon, for I should proudly scorn a divided heart, and very few will forsake the god
of

of riches for reversionary joys, if they can obtain, or are in possession of my favour; for so very eager are many after riches, that they tempt the tempter, and lay snares to draw me to their undoing: Thus I throw my golden chains round the young and gay, and by means of avarice, I fetter the aged; for in worshipping me, mankind become thy adorers.

Nor, O king, are my subjects less extensive, said the demon of vanity: disdaining base humility, all the rich and great are mine, and imitating my glory, they become as gods among the base-born vulgar, exacting the most dutiful submissions. In the fair sex, and those of softer minds, I gain numerous votaries, who, for the love of finery, and to gratify with eagerness the lust of admiration, sacrifice their fickle hearts. Then the demon of desire uprose, and said: O king, I establish thy throne, and my own reign on a foundation lasting as human nature: for while men are men, for my sake they will give the whole heart, rather than not obey the fiery stimulus of my painfully-pleasing im-

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pulses. The young, the old, the foolish, and the wise, sink in the soft captivity, and fondly hug to their panting bosoms, the chains that link them fast, in the bondage of sweet intoxicating desire.

Inspiring the noble frailty of gods, ambition said, rising with a commanding aspect: it is the glory of great minds to follow my injunctions, and dare prodigious things. But see, he cried, see, he comes, the god that is next my heart, my other self, my friend, my brother, and thy great favourite, O Lucifer; and straight appeared the spirited demon of fire-eyed faction. As he advanced, all the gods of hell uprose to honour a presence, that gave satisfaction to the emperor of Tartarus, who cried aloud: transcript of myself, O delight of my bounding heart, vigorous faction, I bid thee welcome.

To which faction replied, while his fiery eyes with sparkling energy flashed spiritous: my father, patron, and my god, breathing a portion of thy mighty spirit in my nature, thou hast rendered me divine as thy glorious self. My
working

working soul fired by ambition, and more itself by a god-like energy, often demands a task like thine. I long to cope with heaven itself, to try the strength of great Jehovah, to meet him glorious in the field of battle, to dare his worst, to confound his boasted worlds, to dash the starry orbs together round his lofty head; and amidst the burst of thunder, to ride victorious over his defeated bands of angels and arch-angels, nobly conquered.

Yes, I joy to asperse his actions, and revile his person. I set him forth as an arbitrary being, ever striving to render his subjects the meanest slaves, and brand him with the name of tyrant, till those, who have received the greatest benefits from his munificence, are wrought up to the spirit of ingratitude. Then I joy, to raise aloft the burning standard of rebellion, to hurl down cherubins and seize their starry diadems.

But content, O king of gods, to act in a more confined sphere, I imitate thy great example, and my glory is, since I cannot pull down the king of heaven, to overthrow earthly kings, his substitutes,

in the world below. At length, oh earth's great emperor, I have just reduced Alba, and its patriot king, to a condition fit to receive disorder; and thus informing thee, I come for thy supreme instructions, and to put in thy enjoyment the glorious triumph, for the great situation is worthy thy august presence.

The prince of hell grinned horrible approbation as the pernicious demon ended; the gorgeous king moving forward, said: come to my heart, thou joy of my soul, dearest faction, thou fire of beloved rebellion, and massacre; thou by thy similarity of nature, hast a preference in my bosom, and as my friend, my obedient son, I recognize thee. So saying, in direful folds, the congenial powers embraced each other, and Lucifer, taking the hand of faction, led him to his throne and seated him next himself.

Such is the nature of faction, that in approaching the wicked or the good, he often produces the same effect, a detestation of his person: but they differ in this, that the first approves his practices, while the good abhor his measures.

When

When he first entered the temple, the whole audience felt themselves in a querelous mood, but when they beheld the great demon shew him a partial fondness, they divided themselves into parties; some took his side merely because others were against him, but most were on the opposition. At length it burst out in furious flames of anger, and they resolved to demand him of their sovereign, to sacrifice him to their jealousy.

The king of Tartarus, penetrating the rancour of their malice, and fearful of fatal consequences if they should quarrel and cause an insurrection, he waved his sceptre commanding silence, and thus spoke: while their clamorous murmurs died away by degrees, like the echoing voice of turbulent surges in the vaulted caverns of huge rocks, when after a tempest a still soft calm succeeds.

Can any of you, ye mighty potentates in your several departments, be assisting in the great crisis of Alban affairs? Much more can you all in conjunction effect the great plan I have been revolving, that is, to prevail over the regal authority, and throw the nation

into the confusion of anarchy ; or can any one make the royal prerogative, swallow the liberties of the people ? You are all silent ! you are abashed ! and in your silent shame I read your conscious insufficiency. But let me not, ye powers, too far lessen your consequence. You have been assisting in my cause, and it is by your aid, that so firmly my throne is established over mankind. By you, O irreligion, pride, luxury, and vice, my subjects are rendered more numerous than the stars of heaven. To you then, as is due, be rendered just praise, for it is by you, that the Albans can be fitted for bondage, and the iron sceptre of slavery.

But now, as faction can best answer the purposes of my vengeance, I caress faction, confessing that I bear him in my bosom a partial regard. He and rebellion, hated foes of Jehovah, carry the grandeur of a hell more terrible, more replete with evil than all your power put together ; for in short, they are a summary of all the gods of hell, and therefore I love them with the affection I bear you all. I can only rely

on your good will, but I must depend on faction to compass the great design, for though you can debauch individuals, you cannot at once, like faction, overthrow great kingdoms.

With you, O faction, I will descend to the earthly globe, conclude this mighty business, and triumph over my hated antagonist Seraphiel; the monarch said, and called his chariot, which, when arrived, he entered with faction on his right hand, and he smiled affected affability on the malignant powers. Then he posted down the lower regions of air northward, while around him, both as his guard and companions, fierce rebellion, outrageous licentiousness, the noisy god of tumults, with revenge, party, dire war, and horrible massacre, hovered disastrous.

Wherever he came, all nature shrunk at a presence so detestable. The largest oaks, and most lofty elms were blasted. Whirlwinds and storms, and pernicious fogs surrounded him, from which he scattered in the malice of power, direful blights and nipping frosts on blooming fruit-trees; shedding mildews over the

corn-fields and meadows ; and over cities, pestilence, and famine. When he approached the southern region of Alba, earth to the centre shuddered as he sat on her bosom, his fatal footstep.

Now the diabolic powers on the globe, finding, by an over prevailing tendency to evil, that superior wickedness was come upon earth ; as if intimately attracted, they repaired to the residence of faction to give intelligence, obey commands, and support their chief, who soon gained ocular demonstration of the Alban affairs, and accordingly drew his plan of operation.

BOOK the SECOND.

The ARGUMENT.

Longinus, at the head of Alban affairs, drives out the monsters that devoured their country, and they join in the cry against him with the demons. Persevering, he vindicates his character from aspersion. The diabolic powers in close cabal, finding the Albans susceptible of bad impressions, consult on methods to disturb the peace of Alba. Various projects proposed, at last they conclude to select two of the most wicked Albans, as their champions against the minister, to be inspired by faction. The party which Longinus expelled from office, resolve his destruction. Lucifer abuses Furax, whose history is drawn, character opened, and his exit made.

AT this time Longinus at the head of affairs, agreeable to the plan of Alfred, was tearing off all the old leaches, who had for half an age been sucking

sucking the blood of the nation; and with the utmost resolution he was displacing all the state robbers that so long had plundered the people.

Amazing was the outcry against such proceeding, all the powers of darkness joined the alarm, and every engine was set at work to bespatter the steady minister; who, true to his plan, despised their outrage, and contemned their menaces. Conscious of having acted agreeable to the plan of Alfred, to the complaint of injustice, he answered: What I do is intended for the good of my country, which duty, if thro' cowardice or indolence I should neglect, I should be guilty of the blackest ingratitude to my friend.

If mingled with the crouds of destructive beings, which I have drove from a throne they themselves had long surrounded, I should injure any worthy personage in some sense herding with them; he is culpable by affording countenance to their vile measures, and giving sanction to their ruinous schemes; which all along had no other tendency, but enriching their sovereign and themselves out of the public plunder. It
will

will be my greatest glory to reflect, that I have broke the neck of a stubborn party, who pleaded prescription, and a kind of right to plunder an unhappy country, that had but few bold champions to stand up for its rights ; and they but too often are bought off by a pension, the tongue of eloquence being easily hushed by a pompous title, and the eye of patriotism dazzled by a glittering star.

Sensible they will traduce my honour, bespatter my virtue, and hunt me to destruction ; I am prepared to meet the audacious front of wickedness, when it is dispossessed from place, pension, titles, and power, its darling gods. It is no wonder they hunt with all the rancour of persecution, the person that dared to detect their robberies, drive them from their plunder, and drag them to punishment ; for in expelling a nest of wasps that robbed the delicious beehive, the hardy champion must expect to be stung by the impoisoned dart of revengeful malice.

You say that ambition was my motive, and a direful lust of power—foolish

ish suggestion, which destroys itself— for had not the plan of Alfred been next my heart, the noble plan which was to establish a free senate, to lower the national debt, destroy continental connexions, encourage arts and sciences, take off unnecessary and burthensome taxes, perfect the colonies, and exalt commerce by a propitious attention, and encouragement to merchants, the neglect of the last reign,—Had not this great plan been the foundation of my conduct, but ambition, how easy, by treading in the deluding steps of former ministers, I could have indulged it to the uttermost. Yes had I coaleiced parties, taken in the great and turbulent, divided my power with the men of most genius, and thickly sown my enemies in profitable places; there is scarce a man but what I could have brought under my thumb, as did the sly Volpone: but true to my purpose, and protected by the best of princes, I disdained the vile measures, and met the coming storm with intrepidity; but if I must fall, it is in a glorious cause, the good of my king and country.

If

If the spirit of opposition prevents my putting these salutary designs in execution, if disappointment frustrates my better hope, and the clamours of interested faction drive me from employment, I must be content, and leave the rest to providence. With these internal answers to the cavils of malignancy, Longinus steadily proceeded to perfect the noble system of Alfred, under the propitious auspices of Britannicus and Zenobia, who only had the good of the nation at heart.

Now the demoniac powers of faction perceiving the Albans trained to take fire at the plan of Longinus, and melted to receive every impression, which the satanic cabal would imprint on their hearts, to the prejudice of the best of kings; assembled in close consultation to determine on the most effectual means to carry on their direful machinations. In the western part of the capital, was an aperture that led to a spacious cavern, deep in the bosom of the earth. Silent, dark, secret, and terrible like themselves, was the hollow receptacle, whose dismal gloomy bosom was rendered

dered visible by a few glimmering lamps. Here it was that evil-eyed faction gave dinners to the diabolic powers, and here they assembled.

Lucifer, the grim sultan of the dire divan, as of right in pre-eminence of wickedness, spoke first, and opened the horrid congress. When his tremendous voice, first broke from his pestiferous month, the terrific sounds remurmured fearfully round the vaulted caverns, and the trembling earth shook with a momentary earthquake, as thus he spoke; while malice aforethought against the king of heaven, was the ground work of his speech. Mighty peers, he said, next my heart, whom I regard as my second self, as faithful counsellors in the cabinet, as heroic captains in the field of battle; not proudly as your dictator, your god, I stand, but as one of you, desirous to promote the common cause, to the honour of us all, not to the emolument of one haughty tyrant. Therefore be all free to give their opinions, for is it not preposterous that one shall pretend to think more perfectly than millions? Who can bear ideas so debasing? Not we!

for

for disdaining such slavish submissions, we quitted the regions of an ambitious tyrant, that like free agents as we are, we might think and act with noble independency. So glorious is liberty, that it renders the most wretched domains of universe desirable! so mean is coward slavery, that it makes the blest abodes of heaven despicable: but no more of that.

What I would advance, is to make an immediate attack on the sovereign, and if we cannot dispossess him, to im-bitter his pleasure, tincture his happiness with care, and make the crown fit heavy on his head; but at all events to let discord foment among his subjects and disappointed courtiers, its rancorous spirit, till the giddy populace catch fire. Overacted by his subject, he ended all a devil, whose fury choaked the utterance of malice.

Faction rose up eloquent in evil, and thus answered the grim king: We grant you, O sagacious monarch, that rebellion is the grand aim and noblest end of all we can desire, but we secondary minds must condescend to consider the
means

means best to attain that end—but I shall not presume to dictate, where the great dictator himself delivers his sentiments with diffidence. Confident within his bosom, that he had pitched on the best method, with affected humility he sat down, in order to rise when others failed, with the greater triumph.

Then enthusiastic assassination started up, and thus drove his headlong harangue: The shortest way to go to work is this, in my opinion: Let the Gauls assemble their forces overagainst Alba; let faction stir up the people against their monarch; let some bold bigot and spirit-moved enthusiast watch the king; let the other prince be at hand, head a party, promise all things, and perform none, till rebellion tumbles him too from his ill-got throne: and then, the Gauls, may make a conquest of Alba, become their tyrants, and reduce them to slavery and wretchedness.

Wickedness, not able to go any further, sunk in a diabolic trance of horrid ecstasy; and faction thus artfully resumed discourse. Could that extensive scheme of desolation be as easily carried

carried on as proposed, it would be a noble piece of compound wickedness: but the many frustrated attempts of this nature prove it impracticable. Fortune opposes, and fate withstands, therefore we had better use the slower but safer attempts, nor at once hazard too much, but grow by degrees dangerous, till we bring inevitable desolation.

First then, as Longinus is at the head of the administration, and under the auspices of the sagacious Zenobia, as he has chased away the old servants that lay basking beneath the throne, and has raised various people who are obnoxious to the displeasure of a partial, selfish race; we must fire those, who pretend they are injured by being dispossessed, till their wants and malice make them clamorous; then I will breath into them the spirit of faction, driven by which they shall herd in parties, and new-named oppositions. These shall inflame the populace, by making them believe that the sovereign is aiming at arbitrary power, catching fire at which, and easily led, being a giddy, blind, wrong-

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headed

headed beast of burden, they shall be rendered fit for various disturbances.

When the discontents longing to taste again the sweets of public plunder, herd together, to contrive methods to dispossess their hated foe, and place their old friend Spanelli in his stead; let us chuse them two champions inspired with more than carnal wickedness, to stand forth in their own names. Tools supported by the great, with specious pretences of guarding liberty, they shall be minions of mobs, and of the great and small vulgar.

The first must attack the minister in fiery-footed rhyme, wrote by malice, with sharp-pointed daggers dipped in the bitter gall of rancour. The other must pursue him with plausible prose, such as will gratify public spite; for such is the depravity of human nature, that satire, however unjust, if wrote in a bold audacious language, full of spleen and malice, will please the public better than the finest panegyrick on the most worthy patriot.

These incendiaries must fire the hearts of the subjects against the administration,

tion, and alienate the hearts of the people from the sovereign, till they become mutinous. Popular clamour must demand the minister to be given up, who will be the victim sacrificed to appease an exasperated multitude; but the master-stroke must be, while he is the butt of their sharp arrows, to wound through his sides the virtuous sovereign and his royal mother, till a mutual disgust is bred between the best of monarchs, and the most loyal people—Then ye mighty gods of Tartarus.—

Aye! that will do, starting up impatient with the furious joy of anticipation, Rebellion cried. Then outrageous tumult, and discord dire, preparing my passage—he would have said, but overruling fate, checked in his baleful throat, his ill-omen'd words, and his glaring eyes, stared the terrors his noxious lips could not utter! Satan then spoke conclusively, and said: necessary is the motion made by him, who fertile in wickedness, we call faction. Be our task to select two champions to carry on our business, and we will chuse two of the most wicked of the human race, who

with daring spirits, are void of all principles, and therefore capable of every impression but that of holiness, of virtue, and of goodness.

These men, thus chosen by us both, shall by us both be inspired. We together will breath into them, what they will gladly receive, the spirit of licentiousness, intemperance, malice, falsehood, defamation, faction, and disloyalty. And you sedition, conspiracy, mutiny, and ye clans of murmuring discontents, be ready at hand in your assistance, that we may, if not demolish, throw this hated nation into confusion. He ended with a grin of self-satisfaction, that demanded applause; and grating rough hoarse discordant shouts broke forth to the praise of wickedness. Immediately the direful party seperating, flew concealed in the clouds of smoaky sulphur, which overhang the city, and there began to put in execution their baneful resolves.

Now the steady Longinus, having expelled that vast overgrown hydropic body, which though swelled to a great degree, by draining the vital juices of
its

its country, was yet still a-thirst for more. The heads began to rave with a burning desire of revenge against the hated Longinus. They studied the shortest methods for his destruction; though before, by their different interests, they were for ever clashing; now one common cause, the ruin of Longinus, most heartily united them in a desperate combination. Spanelli at their head, they were all infected with the leven of Volpone: ever acted upon, and acting by the same principles which he had established, the same was their hatred, and their love the same; and such was the epidemical corruption of this political body, from the corrosive contagion of bribery, that half the nation were infected by its venemous, though pleasing poison; for great numbers had been in possession of lucrative places, received large pensions, held posts of honour, and were in great power to bestow the public wealth on multitudes of hangers on, with all their relatives, friends, servants, and dependents, forming an innumerable class of people!

These, by the fall of their patrons, thought themselves injured in their hopes, and thus were fitted for every bad impression by anger and mercenary prejudice. To these, the revengeful heads gave the cue, and all among their acquaintance, propogated state falsties amidst the unthinking multitude, that joined in the cry, though no way interested or injured. Thus it is no wonder that the enemies of Longinus were innumerable, nor that his fame was so vilely misrepresented.

From this evenomed junto full of rage, burst forth indiscriminate rancour and reflexion upon the legislature, and meeting in various parties, they gave vent to their passions; but still they wanted some champions of more than common spirit, to lead them on against the grand object of their malice; boldly to attack him, and all those who bore towards him the least relation, to blacken his character, exaggerate his errors, asperse his conduct, depreciate his virtues, and raise lies against him, till by false alarms they dispossessed him and restored themselves.

The

The infernal imps who hung hovering in mid air, knew their wants, and to supply them came to an adequate determination. Lucifer, the impious chief, and his fierce coadjutor faction, stole down in the capital of Alba, to select two of the most atrocious among the well-known sons of wickedness; who were capacitated from the construction of their bodily organs, and the essential disposition of mental faculties, firm-ed by the habitual approbation of the will in evil, to do their office with spirit, judgment, and resolution.

Though Lucifer, among his innumerable votaries, knew sufficient numbers that were abandoned to every vice, and were void of all principle and virtue; yet he saw but few that could be trusted with the conduct of great crimes, and who had sufficient abilities to perfect his mighty work. At length, casting his eyes round the circle of a theatre, deep in the pit, he with glad surprize beheld a spirit congenial with his own, the criticising Furax. He was marking with keen, eye every the least slip and imperfection of the actors, whom he in-

tended to stab with the sharp lampoon that whets its rage in black gaul. Lucifer found his whole soul was peculiarly turned for the vilest part of satire, and that he had sufficient ability for his purpose.

Him he was regardful to procure, more especially as he was a priest to the being whom he most hated, for in gaining him he would obtain a double triumph. Behold, said the arch apostate to the demon of faction, yon lion-featured Furax with front audacious, eye severe, and mouth tremendous; whose bony joints, muscular powers, and nervous limbs adequate to his indicative visage, denote a ferocious spirit to all restraint rebellious, of every curb disdainful; that will indulge to its genius like the fierce stallion, be riotous in joy, and outrageous in freedom. Ever ardent and vindictive, once inflame his soul, and his revenge will know no bounds. His fury will make him in action tremendous, and in words terrible. I mark him as my own, and leave him to thy inspiration and guidance. Pleased with their
choice,

choice, the demons grinned dire satisfaction.

Furax the priest, was the son of an ecclesiastic, who destined him to the holy office for which he was utterly unfit, without considering the turn of his robust genius, formed for a busy world, to wrangle at the bar, fight boldly in the field of battle, or to bustle in the turmoils of trade. High of passions, with a strong bias to sensuality and good fellowship; the beauty of virtue, in his eye appeared mean, while the deformity of vice, gained on his view a certain noble boldness of expression, not unpleasing to his all-daring fancy.

In his youth, unattentive to progressive learning, he was a dunce of genius, and being at a great school, where to a careful method of teaching dead languages, a disregard of morality prevails, he joined in his own person the boy and the rake. This was the foundation of his future falling off to wickedness; O wretched Alba in the most material of things, public moral education thou art neglectful, though thou hast before thee examples of a contrary method

method in every wise nation. What do your public seminaries teach?—Why the learned languages. But who forms the manners of the pupils? Who teaches head-strong youth to curb their passions? Who sets before their eyes the happiness that attends an obedience to the painful laws of virtue, and the misery that follows an indulgence to vice? And where is that just paternal but coercive authority over young people rising to manhood, to restrain them from evil, and habituate them to good? You answer; The young gentlemen learn Latin and Greek if they please, while pretty girls and boon companions form their manners. Then they gain a tincture of future elegance from horses, equipages, grooms and gamesters, till a foreign tour polishes off what few principles remained, and they commence fine gentlemen! And why Alba hast thou no public academies to bring the arts and sciences to perfection for the good as well as honour of the country? Rebellion and the continent have drained Alba of all its treasure!

Furax

Furax commenced priest of a holy religion, whose sacred sanctions, doctrine, and motives, were sufficient to make the worst of men good; but he was not of a turn of mind either to succeed or benefit by them. He married clandestinely, he was utterly unknown to prudence. Impatient in adversity, and unfit for prosperity, had he been fixed in a middling station in the country, he would have rode after the hounds, smoaked his pipe, drank his ale, hobbled out his sermons to a country audience, and talked politics with the squire like any country parson; and after dozing away life, been buried and forgot among the rustic forefathers of the hamlet; then the world never would have been plagued with his petulant acrimony, divided now whether to consign him over to fame or infamy. Oblivion says I am his best friend!

Furax, unable to gain preferment, and finding in his heart a vein for satire, he declared war against theatric heroes, and came off conqueror. Carrying all by the daring ardor of a violent temper, pointed remarks, and a peculiar

peculiar but animated expression, he was utterly destitute of that divine power which constitutes a poet. In the modelling his plans, he discovered no sparks of a creative genius in the arts of invention, but he jumbled things together as well as he could, unknown to the delicacy of harmonious and graceful disposition: where regular, he was poor and trite, and where irregular, he left no strokes of a wild Shakesperian greatness but in garrulity.

Far from possessing a fertile fancy, and a luxuriant imagination, his paintings were daubs, and his flowry fields sterile. While he was a stranger to the soft elegancies of a delicate taste, that sheds inimitable graces in the beautiful paths of genius and sweet simplicity; he was incapable of that dignified majesty in writing, that noble imagery and princely painting in thought, whose glorious pomp and striking magnificence elevates the soul to rise aloft with the soaring genius. Thus excelling in nothing but a reviling spirit, running muck at every character that displeased him, he was out-done by many of his contemporaries,

cotemporaries, in true satirical writing. His poems puffed up to fame by the breath of popular party, will soon, when that is no more, fall into the dark gulph of oblivion. In a word, his language was as a great mountain, whose snows, melting by sudden heats, into violent streams, rush impetuous down its rough-hewn sides, and for some time overthrow all opposition, till they suddenly subside and leave scarce any trace behind of their formidability.

Crowned by unmerited prosperity, and independant of a world, whose modes he despised; he threw off the mask, and appeared all himself, following unchecked the bent of his nature. He deserted his god, under whose banner he had been some time enlisted; for the sake of Mammon and licentiousness, he forsook his altar, and with disdain threw off his priestly robes. This was a triumph for the arch-apostate, and he was received with joy by the sons of dissipation.

Tired of the wife, and a man of too much consequence to be tied by forms and laws, either human or divine, he
seduced

seduced the daughter of his friend, made the victim of his desire a whore, and commenced, without much trouble of concealment, a notorious adulterer. Flushed with extreme success, not the birth-right of his genius, but the ravings of an inveterate party, whose tool he was, and whose spleen he gratified; he set no bounds to his extravagant soul, but instead of checking his head-strong passions he took a brutish glory that they were uncommonly strong, and prided himself in indulging their irregularity, as indications of superior spirit; proud of an inferior reputation among the vulgar, that he was an odd creature.

Before he had more than half run the race which nature had marked, presuming on his robust constitution, he gave the jolly night to Momus, amidst the votaries of jovial Bacchus, quaffing the rosy bumper with unsparing lips. Thus he wore out the starry night in revelry, sporting amorous with gayly pleasing nymphs, and bringing on the purple-vested morn amidst the intemperance of voluptuous debauchery. Death, serpent-like, lurking devious beneath
the

the flowery leaves of pleasure, concealed from the heedless son of joy; pierced him with his envenomed sting, whose quick poison contaminating the fountain of life, set him in a fiery flame, and he was numbered among the dead in a foreign land. So much for intemperance!

This spirited genio stood forth the champion of the outs, against the happier inns, who had dispossessed them, a crime among parties that cannot be forgiven, and which calls up all the powers of envy, malice, and revenge. Not in defence of his party did he draw his embittered pen, but to assault the opposition. Faction, that direful imp of darkness, inspired his arid soul with more than usual desperation; and as far as malice, envy, ill-nature, revenge, and cruelty could be raised, gave him such a furious enthusiasm, as made him go beyond himself in wickedness: but when he attempted any thing that had goodness for its object, when the graceful in poetry, the harmonious in versification, the beautiful in imagery, the flowery in expression, and the strikingly copious in the inventive powers were his aim; left

to

to himself, the attic fire cooled into common vulgarity. Thus he cooked up poems to feed the greedy appetite of party, delighting in garbage; and to gather the tax he laid upon the foolish into his thriftless exchequer.

Now all inflamed, he attacked Longinus with unprecedented rancour. Happy for him in private life, his great character was irreproachable. Truly virtuous, he was not guilty of vices common to the great, and practised by the vulgar. No adulter, no gamester, and no bold irreligious debauchee; he was a good husband, an excellent father, a kind master, and a judicious oeconomist: therefore Furax was obliged to quit a theme in which he must fail, and attack his public character, where the most upright is ever open to the calumny of censure, and error says to every frail mortal, thou art my son!

The libertine Furax, fighting incased secure in the armour of liberty, represented Longinus as taking every pernicious measure, flattering his master to undo his country, and to trample on its sacred laws, rights, and privileges.

He

He painted him as laying down and pursuing the most dreadful schemes, for the full destruction of liberty, the darling of the Albans; as forging immortal fetters to chain them down in bondage, till his royal master, arriving at absolute power, became arbitrary in all his dictates, and acted the most cruel tyranny.

The royal person, indeed, he held in some awe, only hurling at him the concealed darts of implied malice, which often glanced at Zenobia. But as to all that bore the least relation to the opposite party, he cut them up with a butcher's clever, or the bungling knife of a cruel assassinator. Every the least slip in public or private life, that he could learn against them, or forge by a plausible artifice, he would draw out in glowing colours, and exaggerate their turpitude, for there lay his talent.

Inspired by potent Bacchus, the rosy god of sparkling wine, see how he sits amidst his admiring companions! Hark how the loud shouts of praise burst in clamorous peels of acclamation! With greedy ears he drinks the intoxicating

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applause!

applause ! They extol him as a god, or at least the saviour of a distressed nation ! His heart trembles convulsive delight ! The mighty health goes round with the full brimmed curse amidst aggravating shouts. With staggering hand he carries the ruby juice assenting ! And now full of the god of faction, he looks down and meditates a coming rhapsody. Silent awe seizes the jovial crew ; and now behold he starts up mad as the enthusiastic bacchanalian, and furious as the sibyl of Apollo, beginning to prophecy. He catches up the pen of satire, and staggering to the mighty effort, like a dreadful cannon, he vomits out tremendous verse against his foes, with a roar of outrageous joy, and then, the fit over, he falls dead drunk a-sleep on the floor, to recruit his exhausted spirits.

Thus to Bacchus were owing many of his productions, and the ravings of a drunken muse, were ever the most malignant. Not only the person of the devoted minister, his measures, defenders, party and adherents ; but the very countrymen of his ancestors, and the

the northern nation itself were aspersed, with a malice never to be matched by any thing, but the patience of all the injured, who disdained with the utmost wisdom and prudence ever to recriminate. Nay, not to leave unfung every suggestion of spite, that could bear the the least colour of probability, his lying muse represented the monarch's friends as traitors, rebels, and villains.

To the clergy, under whose patronage, he had no chance of rising, he owed a desperate grudge; and having forsook the gownsmen, which he heartily despised, he was not backward to pay them severely off. At the dignified prelates, he launched his loudest thunder, and the lightning of his muse searched them out, and pierced them in their deepest retirement. His valiant invectives detected them, and dragged them forth to public punishment; where to all their known failings, he proved a scourge of scorpions, void of all mercy, for ever exaggerating the frailty of human nature, with the frowning brow of austerity. But terrible as he was in his justice, unforgiving in his revenge,

and barbarous in his executions, in all the fury of his versifying, he scarcely ever satirized so bad a man as HIMSELF!

Thus at length Furax exhausted his loquacious muse, her clamour began to subside, and her scolding tongue tiring itself, at last became mute. As he had sufficiently gratified the most poignant passions, vanity and revenge had little more to say; his arrows all spent, his enemies defeated, and having reaped the lucky harvest of his muse, he had thoughts of retiring among the Gauls, at once to screen himself from the rage of his exasperated foes, and enjoy a gay triumph among the sons of jollity.

That resolve put in execution cost him his life, for presuming on a strong constitution, desperate in his enjoyments, and careless of events, he ever disregarded the voice of prudence. Caution was to him an abject virtue, and fearful forbearance, mean-spiritedness. He would gain a fame by quitting the common beaten paths, and doing what few dared to do, let what might be the consequence, vainly fancying that his admirable talents would plead apology
for

for all his various acts of imprudence, agreeable to the false notion, that the wisest people frequently do the most foolish actions.

Now having done all his worst, and proved himself by habitual indulgence, a dangerous man; amidst his gayest companions in the blyth summer of life, and at the banquets of festivity, fate signed his fall, the destinies cut the thread of life, and death pierced him to the heart. Then his spirit took wing to those regions, whence few inhabitants are permitted to return, and give longing mortals a history of their immortal kingdom. Deluded Furax, ruined by prosperity, and infatuated by popular praise, had virtue and goodness been your aim, had you exerted the talents you abused in politics, to the improvement of your nature, and the benefit of the flock you deserted; your moments might have been comfortable here, and hereafter you might have met an immortality worthy your love of fame!

End of the Second Book.

BOOK the THIRD.

The ARGUMENT.

Satan and Faction coming down black clouds, in search of a prosaic champion, behold Pasquint turning morality into lechery and blasphemy, and they chuse him as the most wicked of mortals. His history given, and character delineated. His fortune ruined by extravagance, he seeks to repair it in a good place; but is rejected by Longinus, against whom he vows revenge. Pasquint retires in a wood at midnight, and invokes the infernal powers. He attacks the peace. The progress of detraction described. Zenobia's true character, reflected on the mirror of truth, and held up as an example to the great. Longinus retires.

WHEN grim Lucifer and seditious Faction descended from the smoaky regions of concealment, in search of a prosaic champion; in their devious path of enquiry after a mortal of abilities,
who

who was void of principles, they beheld the back of one, meditating an essay of curious wickedness, which consisted of turning a fine piece of moral philosophy into the rankest bawdy and the most vile blasphemy. The invisible agents alighted in the apartment of Pasquint, but what was the astonishment of Lucifer when he first beheld his uplifted visage! Starting back at the gorgonic aspect, he cried to Faction, and swore by Tartarus, he had found almost his equal in a mortal, for see his eye demonic, mark the hell within him! Nature prophetic of the future traitor, branded him with a plain signature in the most conspicuous part of his frontispiece, that all the world, when they beheld him, with certain assurance might say—THERE GOES A VILLAIN! Let us retire, he wants none of our inspiration, for he has made himself more wicked than the devil himself can render him, so I will leave him my visible substitute, and accordingly they retreated, skulking in the cloudy hemisphere to avoid the guards of Seraphiel, cautious of detection, but ever at hand to aid

the bigotted party, fired by the two rebellious incendiaries.

Pasquint was brought up to the study of laws, and after his father's decease, who was an opulent trader, he became possessed of a handsome fortune; add to which, he married a worthy lady whose portion was considerable, which joined to his own, had he been a person of common prudence, he might have lived not only comfortably, but might have enjoyed life in an agreeable splendor with reputation, and have rendered himself and family happy. But a libertine at his soul, with high passions, and a violent propensity to lawless delight, he disdained all restraint, moral and divine; and associated with the gay, the licentious and debauched; among whom he was an acceptable companion, as having superior talents, which he greedily prostituted to the vilest purposes of pleasure.

Though better taught in the laws of his country, than most of the silly thoughtless race of bucks and pleasure-hunters; though he knew that no body politic could subsist without religion,

gion, and that most governors of the world, obliged their subjects to be of the national religion, or at least not to depreciate a system of customs and rites necessary to good order; yet in defiance of his own better judgment, and contempt of the legislature that protected his property and person from outrage, he would grossly in public, among his debauched crew, violate his duty to his king and country; and not only dissent from a belief of religion, but would jest upon its most sacred mysteries, strive to render its holy rites ridiculous, and endeavour to prove its divine author a vile impostor, its heavenly system, nothing but impious priestcraft, and its righteous sanctions a bubble, carried artfully on by the legislature, to dupe the world and make arrant slaves of mankind.

Applauded by the groveling herd of fots, beneath him in point of capacity, though having as good a will to be as wicked, they carest him as one that broke the little religious bondage which held their low souls, relieved them from every check of conscience, and every scruple

scruple of hereafter. Now he had proved religion all a farce, and the stale jest futurity, a mere old woman's tale ; he was considered as the champion of free-born minds, the prophet of infidelity, and the first of noble souls, who dared to think and act freely.

Puffed up with excess of vanity, at once to extend and perpetuate his fame, he resolved to write a gospel worthy such a prophet. He considered, that many of the great deists who had gone before him, had wrote in prose ; this carrying on one argument, and that another, as grave solid authors ; but that the more learned doctors of the church had refuted them in general, had established their religion, and too often triumphed over them, in spite of all the finesse of artifice, and the pettishness of wit. He therefore pitched upon versification for the vehicle of his glory ; but when he came to try the force of his genius, the soul of which is invention, he found out his own natural poverty utterly at a loss, and all he thought upon was condemned by his cooler judgment.

At

At length, egregious thought—and greatly beneath himself, he and his friend resolved on the meanest work of genius—miserable parody!—and half-witted annotations! and still to degrade himself into the lowest abyss of vice; they pitched upon one of the finest and most moral poetical essays that ever was wrote in any language, and reverse of the philosopher's stone, they turned the purest gold into the dross of the basest metal. The fulsome bawdy, which their poem concealed, like snakes amidst nettles, was scarcely calculated for the meridian of draymen, and the impious blasphemy which it contained, was, though a poor apology for the no-thinkers, and the most unprincipled set of men, but a vile affront to common sense.

The great reason why so many sensible men were against the religion profest in Alba, was, because of all religions that ever existed, it was the most spiritual, while it addressed itself to alarm, not soothe the senses. Its terrible sanctions are set against those criminal indulgences, which men of high passions value above immortality; its rewards

wards are only offered to the benevolently obedient; while to the belief of mankind, it proposes wondrous mysteries, which though transcending the reach of reason, yet are compatible to the rules of impartial judgment. But to the glory of its truth, while bold sensualists dare reject it as imposture, yet the greatest men of genius, judgment, and integrity, have not only believed it, but stood up boldly the defenders of its rectitude.

Conscious to himself of being obnoxious to punishment, if he made it public, he printed the famous essay in his own house, to distribute it for the use of his friend, and to establish his fame. Though he pleads he had no intention to make it public, yet when it got out of his own hands, he could not be answerable for his friends; and thus he would debauch mankind, and propagate wickedness, without the plea of profit. Barbarous wantonness to render a loose age more foolish, that calls upon the magistrate, to restrain a licentiousness of opinions and manners, which if they go on from worse to worse, will be the
ruin

ruin of the community. Impiously blaspheming his god, it is no wonder a person so profane, to serve the purposes of his own bad heart, should revile his righteous king.

Thus squandering his time and money in dissipation, in riotous excesses, and the indulgence of forbidden blifs, he hurt his fortune; and not being suffered to finger his wife's settlement, tired of matrimonial restraint, and full of glorious libertinism, he separated from the partner, to whom he had vowed an union for life. Such choice spirits, and free souls, by their daring abilities, surely have forced down from the office of fate, a dispensation against forms and modes, customs, usages, and laws, which bind the herd below them; and independant as a god, have a licence to do whatever they please. Thus they set themselves up for what they really are—*unaccountable beings*! But a word with you, ye fancied gods: however, the supreme governor of universe, suffers you on this stage, to carry on your bold enormous crimes with impunity; yet his visible substitute, the supreme
ma-

magistrate of the kingdom, from the duty which he owes to his high station, shall detect your impieties, drag you from your shelter, and in spite of rebellious clamour, shall crush you beneath that punishment due to your crimes, and which injured justice has so long demanded from the patience of merciful forbearance !

Pasquint, as was the usage of needy Albans, who resolved to live upon their country ; in order to repair his consumptive fortune, got himself elected into the senate, and connected himself as much as possible with the party then in power, which happened to be that old-fangled one, which was fabricated from the ruins of Volpone's. This vile junto was actuated by the same springs and movements, which Volpone gave his creatures. Under the specious pretence of not encroaching on national liberty, they were daily sapping the foundation of government, and driving all from place and power, but of their own complexion ; and were assimilating the nation as fast as possible to themselves, except some of the worthy
who

who waited for happier seasons, and despised a coalition.

Falsly prophecying from its length of possession, that the dire cabal was immortal; he studied the heads and the ruling men in power, particularly the place-dispensing Spanelli, who from a lust of power without abilities, had been for a long time the grand tool of the party, however it changed its head; and according to direction, bestowed offices of trust, power, and profit, on the dutiful creatures of its command. But terrible fall to his ambition! just as Pasquint had cultivated the favour of the great ones, had given specimens of his abilities, displayed his will and power to be a useful tool; just as he was going to receive the reward of prostitution, lo! a change happened in the system of government! Death snatched away the king, who ever showed an ungrateful disregard for a country that deserved better of him, and which he almost ruined. But kind providence placed on the throne a virtuous prince, who had the nation's good at heart had he

he not been obstructed in his generous intentions.

Thus the false idol of party was attacked, overthrown, demolished, separated, and at length melted away, and its very name extirminated. Its impious temple was rased to the earth, where the most abominable rites were performed, and all its horrid priests, and bigotted votaries scattered, never more to unite. This was a blow that stunned our adventurer in the garden of politics, all his blooming hopes were scattered in the wind, and the ripening fruit of his ambition were utterly blasted. He was entered too far to turn back, and being rejected by Longinus, whom he courted, nothing now remained but desperate revenge: hence he resolved to attack the fatal cause of his disappointment, be what would the consequence.

This the dispossessed crew knowing, they elected him their champion against their enemies, well ascertained of his powers, and he accepted the choice; when some of the more knowing, not of their side, but willing to use them

as their engine, gave him sometimes matter to go upon, as best served their purposes, laughing all the while at his credulity; and when their turn was answered, they threw him by as a useless tool. In the hour of danger they denied him, and left him as he deserved, in the lurch.

When he took upon himself the great office, and became enlisted under the banner of faction, at midnight, in an awful grove, gloomy and dismal, thro' whose thickset branches, the silent moon shone, low sinking in the west a disastrous crescent; he retired ruminating in his angry soul, desperate revenge. Solemnly, he then invoked the infernal powers to give auxiliary assistance. Oh! arm me, he cried, with your most terrible weapons, that I may thunder in my paragraphs, and speak daggers in my expressions. Let my sentiments rush like lightning, point my periods with rankling poison, and let revenge, faction, rebellion, and impiety fill me with their inspirations. Hear this ye infernal powers, he cried, if such there be, for I disavow the priestcraft cant of supernal

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agency. As he ended the night-owl with flapping wing, screeched horrible! the silent grove shuddered through its leafy branches! Black clouds snatched off the pale moon! The winds arose, red flashes of lightning darted across the hills they revealed for a moment, and the pavement of heaven appeared shook with tremendous thunder! Satan invisibly cropping a branch of bay and holly, dropped them on his slanderous head, and he took them for a good omen.

The same unjustifiable spirit, which actuates the ministry of arbitrary power, to depress the people, and hold them in perpetual slavery, inflames the factious in a free state to vilify the legislature, and both spring from the same principle, selfishness. In a large kingdom, though the prince and ministry are as upright in their intentions as angels, yet so frail is the nature of man, and so weak his execution, that there must continually happen something or other to displease the discontented. These people, incapable of coming at the right knowledge of things, must form wrong judgments, will set up surmise for matter

ter of fact, and arguing from wrong principles, their deductions can never be right. Angry at not being employed, or envious of those who are more fortunate and deserving, the temper of their minds is ever disposed to give a wrong turn to things, and the jaundiced eye of partiality perceives all it beholds of a sickly complexion.

Not satisfied with venting their spleen against their governors, when their unreasonable expectation is not answered; discontent hurls the darts of malice at the ministry if the seasons are bad, provisions dear, and if there happen unforeseen national misfortunes. Sheltering themselves under the garb of liberty, they discharge their spite against their betters, attack the ministry right or wrong, asperse their sovereign, and arraign even providence.

These vile out-criers for liberty, are the greatest tyrants in the world, they acknowledge no laws, though their cry is law, and they murder characters with the same arbitrary cruelty, as bashaws destroy the refractory. Whenever these licentious wretches, who rail at the government

vernment that gives them protection, with the utmost acrimony; when they come into power, none trample so cruelly on freedom as they, none more easily become the tools of a bad cause, and none have such iron hearts against those who offend them.

Nay at the best, these violent enthusiasts, are ever, like the bigots in religion, to be suspected; and if sincere friends, are often the worst enemies to liberty, by licentiously irritating government, till it strikes a bold stroke and overturns that freedom, which it would not have attempted, but from the repeated insults of a few interested wretches, and the clamourous disaffected; who at the bottom, have some sinister design in view, and not public good!

A free people, when they suppose the ministry are endeavouring to infringe the liberty of the subject, are exercising oppressive measures, and carrying on plans replete with national disadvantage; they have a right to remonstrate, and to declare their grievances with a becoming spirit; but so sacred is the legislature, and so ticklish is freedom, that the lawless person,
who

who dares deny all reverence for government which protects his person and property ; he, who defames his king, and endeavours to alienate the hearts of his subjects, is a rank traitor to his country and the laws ; is a rebel to his king, and as such, for the benefit of mankind, and the honour of God, he ought to be treated. So may all they, who trample on laws human and divine, and all the enemies of a mild government perish : for Alban liberty can alone receive her dying stabs, but from the dagger of that hypocrite liberty-bawling Faction !

Now Pasquint elated with hope, took his pen in hand, in order to write himself and friends into place and power, drive Longinus from the throne, and frustrate all the best laid plans of a court, that resolved to set the things to rights, which in the last reign were gone to ruin. The miserable party, for which Pasquint was champion, after fleecing the nation for two reigns, were entered in a war ; which by their blunders, their wickedness and folly was so conducted, that the nation was drove to the precipice of destruction, and was just

falling never more to recover itself; when their avowed enemy, the friend of Alfred, so conducted by providence, stepped in, and not only saved the sinking kingdom, but recovered Alba to its ancient glory by unparalleled successes.

But at length peace became necessary, though the base interested, which are always very numerous, cry out for war. To make a peace adequate to the conquests was impossible; for the enemy, who have a thousand resources, would never consent to such dishonour till drove by necessity, which never can be in the power of a trading people, and the attempt would be next to madness, or if successful, would soon bring on a desperate war of recovery. Longinus undertook to bear the odium of clamour, and made peace for Alba, by much the best she ever gained before, and what gloriously secured the northern empire, which caused the war.

Yet these very wretches, Spanelli and his interested party, who had entered into such destructive wars on the continent, useless and pernicious to Alba; and who had made such dishonourable truces,
(for

(for a peace the bunglers could not even patch up) these despicable creatures were the loudest against the best maritime peace Alba had ever possessed. Excessive, and beyond all compare, was the outcry against the court. Had every thing been given up to the enemy, had the nation been sold, and the people utterly reduced to cursed bondage, the clamorous anger of envenomed revenge, could not have been more outrageous.

Here the invidious Pasquint and the envious party displayed their inflammatory talents to a perfection unattempted before ! Not content with painting out the ill-fated minister, in colours the most shocking, and representing him in attitudes the most ridiculous : they gave him vices which he detested, and follies to which he was an utter stranger. Then the rancour of their villainy began to glance at the most virtuous matron, till serpent-like, turning its pestiferous head, it flew in the face of the sovereign itself.

Thus ancient and modern history were ransacked to find out the most wicked
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characters and tyrants, that were a disgrace to human nature, in order to fit them to his actions, and make him odious. The falsest comparisons, straining the features to form a monstrous likeness were made, and every unfair act of writing, beneath scholars, and unworthy gentlemen, were used in the most vulgar language. Meantime the ministry laid an unpopular tax, which gave faction a handle for the bitterest invectives. Instead of dutifully remonstrating, party rage broke out in a cry that alarmed the body of the people.

Now there were no bounds set to the indecency of furious expressions. The minister was attacked from all quarters, but the general that commanded the assault was Pasquint, who was bent on his destruction, as far as his little consequence could reach. He and Furax pictured Longinus as the worst of men, as well as the most rapacious minister, whose only plan was to destroy the liberty of Alba, to overturn its glorious constitution, and render the king a tyrant, as arbitrary as the Grand Seignior, or the Great Mogul.

No

No stone was left unturned, not only to render Longinus odious to the people, but an abomination, and every rash and base assertion that hatred could dictate, and villainy publish, were put forth as topics of belief; with an apparent rebellious intent to foment the vulgar against the administration. For this purpose the majesty of kings was no longer sacred, ruffian faction, hand in hand with atrocious scandal, threw out artful insinuations against the wisdom of the supreme governor. Nay, though he was the most virtuous of men, they raised execrable lies, and propagated their detestable forgeries, till they were despised by a populace, greedy to swallow any scandal against their betters.

Their next step, in consequence of this, was to declare, with a positiveness unknown to modest truth, that the minister was absolutely, to all intents and purposes, the favourite of the king, whom they had given what character best suited their evil intentions. Then the crew turned prophets, very regularly assigned the mischief that would follow, and drew pictures

pictures of coming evils terrible beyond expression.

But their master-piece of wickedness, and of the blackest die, was their cruelly assaulting the amiable character of the virtuous Zenobia, which they did with unremitting malice, and a barbarity unprovoked, as never can be instanced. But be her fame rescued from ruffians—yet hence flattery—be silent ye parasites; let truth hold up its own mirror, and reflect her actions for an example to the most exalted stations. Behold then O envy, and be tortured!

As a virgin, she was remarkable for the pleasing affability of politeness, at the same time, she kept up the dignity of her exalted birth. Attaining the elegant accomplishments of high life, she never gave way to any unbecoming pleasure, and never indulged any bad passions, by which, though charming in the loveliness of her person, and noble from her royal family, pride, vanity, self-love, and haughtiness, were strangers to her benevolent breast.

In the marriage state, she beamed forth a fair pattern of connubial amity.
Instead

Instead of launching into the grandeur, the pleasure, and superiority of her elevated rank, she enobled herself by domestic oeconomy. She was to her ever fond approving lord, the most affectionate wife, the constant companion, and the tender friend of such a delicate fidelity, as fitted her to be trusted with great affairs, into whose merits she was capable of entering, by being blest with powers of mind, that could justly advise in the most critical situation. Thus the transcending excellency of her merit, ever met with due returns from her princely partner, whose good judgment saw its value, and whose honour gladly paid the just acknowledgment.

Let strict justice attend the royal widow. Jovial festivity, mirth, and gaiety, shall never find her in the paths of pleasure, and the temple of luxurious delight! But if she appears so little in public, in what manner did she employ her time? Instead of engaging in numerous companies of the nobility, instead of mixing in gay assemblies, hurrying to plays, operas, balls, masquerades, and riddottos, she exercised herself in acts of piety

ety to heaven, and benevolence to the human race. She superintended the education of her children, that they should be no more wanting in religion and morality, than in the accomplishments of politeness, by which they might be at once finished persons of quality, and worthy men. Fit to educate young princes, her good judgment selected a gentleman of probity and virtue, blest with decorum and politeness; who having the good of his pupils at heart, executed his office with integrity and universal approbation.

Yet irreproachable as has been the conduct of Zenobia, a virulent mob, instigated and inflamed by Pasquint and his abettors, represented the virtuous matron, in the most shocking and indecent manner, and placed her in the most scandalous light. As it is the nature of the mind, when once it has broken down the fence of virtue, to rush into all manner of vice with greediness; so when the vicious begin any new species of wickedness, they set no bounds to their crimes, defying heaven and earth! Thus the enemies of truth, virtue, and honour,

honour, snarled at the fame of Zenobia, like curs barking at chaste Diana, in her silver orb of light.

Irritated with the most infernal malevolence, and an implacable thirst of revenge, they took every base method to depreciate her worth, render her odious, and to set her up a mark for publick revenge. The diabolic assassins stabbed her character in the dark, and cruelly mangled her honour, without the least ground of authority or reason.

But as the wickedness of the malecontents was astonishing, astonishing likewise was the patience of Zenobia! Supported within by the self satisfaction of conscious virtue, the darts of inveterate malignity, fell hurtless from the shield of innocence; and while the hearts of her enemies were torn by the most rancourous passions, her bosom was at ease, and she at once pitied and despised the miserable wretches who were beneath her anger.

At length, after having outed the vile cormorants, Longinus retired from public business, yet they were equally flagitious. But why, as the object of
their

their hate was removed? The question is easily answered. They hated Longinus, not because he injured his country, but because he prevented their longer preying upon the vitals of a nation, they had almost devoured by their voracious avarice. Had he called them into place and power, they would have fallen down before the golden image, and adored what before they so heinously reviled, as all they roared for was place and pension.

So when the vile affinine race have been drove back into their native common, from the rich flowery meadow, into which they had forced their way, and pampered themselves in luxurious repasts; with wishful eyes they look back on the delicious herbage, and awkwardly strive to enter again, which finding impracticable, they set up loud rough rebellowing brayings horribly discordant, which echo round the valleys, and the frightened cattle, forgetting their pastures, start up amazed, and looking round, view with contempt the stupid noisy animals.

BOOK

BOOK the FOURTH.

The ARGUMENT.

Pasquint, deserted by his friends gets no place, the object of all his clamour. Desperate he attacks his sovereign. The nation is alarmed. A minister, on bringing Pasquint to justice, is rather precipitate. A due exertion of government recommended with spirit. The senate unwilling to protect Pasquint, who was a member, after being wounded in a duel, he flies into Gaul, and is outlawed, but finding a flaw in the law proceeding, he visits his country, not bettered by his misfortunes, offers himself a candidate for the metropolis, but is refused with disgrace. He is condemned and imprisoned. Pasquint's mob grows direfully seditious, to the terror of the capital. A full impartial description of the riot before the prison, and the fall of several riotors.

PASQUINT was now at fault, he had wrote like any thing, and still he was not called into place. He found his

his abettors were not his hearty friends, but were making him an egregious tool and a cat's-paw. When he tried his strength by opening a small subscription, for the very writings which had raised his fame, and for which he had been so highly extolled by his faction, he saw and bewailed his want of consequence, and the light in which he was held by the gentry. Trembling he found himself nobody, for though he begged but a trifling contribution, very few parted with their money, among those who had been loud in his praise; and though still adored by a noisy mob, his heart sunk within him, and he cursed his disastrous fate!

Fancying himself conqueror over his northern enemy, full of venom he meditated a mighty blow, and was coming now to fill up the measure of his iniquity. Like the arch apostate, the grand author of evil, he resolved to attack, though unprovoked, the king himself. Accordingly, not being surprized by passion, but from malice-aforethought, he wrote a most infamous libel, and boldly made it public. Like a mad
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animal, he had bit before all around him, and now collecting all his poison, he flew at his master before he expired. The nation was astonished, and stood in silent expectation of the consequence.

Though patience was a virtue becoming the matron benevolence of Zenobia, under the opprobrious calumny of envenomed slander, in the public character of sovereign, to have been silent, would have betrayed want of dignity; and neutral forbearance must have been to all the wondering world, a tacit acknowledgment, that the most infamous falsehood was truth; and that kings ought to be reviled, traduced, and hunted from their throne, by a set of worthless wicked wretches, united in a vile party. Accordingly a great officer of state, stood up to defend the honour of Britannicus, and rescue the invaded character of his sovereign from desperate traitors, and pernicious rebels.

In the warmth of zeal, more effectually to secure his master and confound his enemies, the minister who was an Alban, and a man long approved by

the nation for his great abilities, and integrity in serving his king and country; this active minister, sent officers into the house of Pasquint, who forcibly seized his papers, contrary indeed to law, but agreeable to the custom of the country, the usage of the best of ministers, and what in critical cases of state, in regard to spies, traitors, and rebels, must again be done; the great commoner did the same, and therefore at peculiar times and cases, it is absolutely necessary; but if innocence is injured by an arbitrary exertion of power, the law will give relief as in other cases.

Not to have done something in this affair, would have been a timid base desertion of the royal cause; not to have done what he did, would have been a failure of duty, betrayed a want of spirit adequate to the enemy, and a weakness in not making use of the means in his power, however dangerous to himself. Therefore it is sufficient to acknowledge it wrong in point of law, but right according to the necessity of the state. If artful villains, cunning in chicanery, shelter themselves under the
dead

dead letter of laws, which cannot provide for every exigence; and carry on dire plans replete with destruction against the state, are ministers to suffer the nation to be ruined, and tamely let villainy escape justice? Must the under-working enemies of Alba be protected in their machinations, for fear of encroaching on the sacred licentiousness of traitors, who are selling their country, betraying the nation, fomenting rebellions, and introducing foreign powers more effectually to make Alba the land of slavery? Answer this ye jesuits and traitors!

No, while the laws are in force, and Alba is a kingdom, it is the duty of a prime minister, when great emergencies arise, to strike a bold stroke, in order to crush the viper rebellion in its nest, and all its direful eggs, replete with danger; and if this great minister, presuming on his place, power, and protection, arbitrarily acts the part of a tyrant against suffering innocence, like all other criminals, he is subject to the law, and by the law, he must, and shall be punished. Is this adulation?

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But this is certain, no encroachment on the public liberty was thought of, and what had the appearance of it, was owing to a rebellious provocation, that in every other country but Alba, would have drawn upon the author immediate destruction; and if any evil on this side Tartarus deserves punishment, surely that does which strives to embroil the king and people. Can it be supposed, that though a ministry, from regard to public peace, suffers itself to be vilely traduced, that when the supreme legislator is himself publickly attacked, and threatened by ruffians, who without all law or reason, take upon them to judge kings; can it be supposed the ministry will tamely behold all order and authority abolished, without endeavouring, at least, to bring the criminal to justice? Are they to be intimidated by a desperate rabble, who know not what they are doing, or only long to throw the nation into confusion, to reap the benefit of civil disturbance by plunder? No—the minister that is meanly overawed by the clamour of a dissolute set of Plebeians, and neglects to take the
bold

bold measures offered by opportunity, and demanded by exigence, is a traitor to his king, and a betrayer of his country! hear this O freedom and approve!

But let not the honest muse, whose glory is liberty, give the cavilling foe cause to say that she is an advocate for tyranny and arbitrary power; that she is a tool of a servile ministry, and the creature of a profligate court. No, the muse glorying in its own obedience to virtue, its hatred of bondage, and its love of sacred religion; disclaims, conscious of its integrity, the baseness; and would rather quit its terrene existence than engage in defence of any power that attempted the destruction of Alban liberty, though the reward was the patrimony of princes. Nay, she would, with the utmost peril, stand up against a cruel tyrant in its just defence, and think it an honour to fall in its country's cause! all nature cries aloud, draw draw, the flaming sword, and defend, your lives, property, and native freedom!

But the muse detests licentiousness as much as she hates slavery. Faction and

rebellion are the offspring of licentiousness, who first ruin the country that gives them birth; then they fix a perpetual slavery, and make all its monarchs tyrants. Therefore great obedience is due to the legislative power, the necessity of the times often demand extraordinary exertions, and it is impossible for private people to be adequate judges of either the fitness or the motive.

The gracious monarch who fills the Alban throne, and who, with the most upright intention, has the public good at heart, and ever next his heart, stands not in need of venal pens to form apologies for his conduct, any more than he fears the tongue of rancour employed against him by Faction; he is above the servile praise of fawning sycophants, but all his actions demand the pen of truth! Thus dark clouds may overspread the illustrious face of day, but in due time the glorious sun will dispel the vapours, chase off envious clouds, and asserting its native lustre, shine all its majestic self, in spite of every opposition; dispensing

penſing bleſſings all around, and filling all things with pleaſure and delight.

This outrageous attack which Paſquint made againſt the character of Britannicus, was more an act of his own preſumptuous folly, and the overflowings of party rage, than the approbation of his more ſober friends; and what was dictated by paſſion, was condemned by judgment, which made him tremble for the conſequence. He ſaw the great nobility in office were ſhocked at his vaſt inſolence, exaſperated at his malice, and determined to bring him to the puniſhment due to his folly. In ſpite of the clamours, the outrage, and the threats of a daring herd of tygers, ready to tear their opponents in pieces; they were ſteady in their meaſures, to bring him to the juſtice of the laws he had infringed; and were preparing to ſhower on his devoted head, the tempeſts of their vengeance, from which the trembling Paſquint found it was not in the will and power of all Alba to protect him. He now had his eyes opened, and ſaw himſelf deſerted by the great, who for ſome private purpoſes,

gave him some countenance. Ashamed to own his acquaintance, they deserted him, for though they might approve the treason, they heartily despised the traitor. Thank heaven, Alba has not a wretch more despicable.

The senate of which he was a member, scorned to shelter a person they detested, and full of loyalty they voted the scurrilous paper, which he wrote against the king, an infamous libel, tending to vilify the best of sovereigns, alienate the hearts of his subjects, inflame them with licentiousness, and raise the spirit of rebellion, to the destruction of the country. Thus Pasquint ruined himself instead of making his fortune. What, ye Albans, could you expect from this man, who is a factious citizen, a bad husband, an evil father, a man unprincipled, and a spend-thrift; but to make a property of your indiscreet zeal, and sell you if any would bid for you? A slave to his passions, he will always bow down in the temple of voluptuousness, and greedy of gold, ever worship mammon, for he has but them, no other gods!

Thus

Thus circumstanced with all his sins on his back, wounded in a duel which his aspersions brought upon him; Pasquint wisely fled from justice, and banished himself, till the storm was blown over, and accordingly he was outlawed. Recovering himself in a foreign land; tired of his banishment, bursting with revenge, and finding a flaw in the proceedings against him, he visited again his native land. But not benefitted by his misfortune, nor bettered by chastisement, void of humility, and disdaining repentance as much as the arch apostate, Pasquint brought with him the same evil spirit which before actuated his heart, and he emulated the character of Lucifer, both by his obstinacy and rebellion!

Vain to be thought the idol of the scum of Alba, who rather than work and maintain their families, would bawl out liberty—meaning to be idle and drunken, he would dabble again in politics that were his ruin, and threatened his destruction. The honest part of the mechanics minded their work, and if they spoke of him, it was their sport, not their Business. Fond Pasquint, that
fancied

fancied to get into place by abusing his worthy sovereign, and bullying his officers at the head of a silly rabble of no consequence ! now presuming on his popularity, he had the assurance to offer himself a candidate for the metropolis.

His party was extremely vigilant and pressing to get him chosen to represent the city ; they left no stone unturned, spared no pains, and disregarded expence to carry a point in which their consequence was now concerned. But the worthy citizens were more loyal to their king, more true to their country, and just to themselves. The chief magistrate of the capital, who joined the love of freedom with loyalty, shewing the sense of the respectable body of merchants, exerted himself against a person every way unworthy to represent the greatest citizens in the world : disgrace sufficient that he had the assurance to offer himself, who knew nothing of their business, customs, rights, privileges, and interests ; with only the specious pretences of standing up for a liberty that was not invaded : but in spite of all the artifice made use of to force him upon the burghers, they

they rejected him with becoming spirit, and elected another in noble opposition!

After this dishonourable expulsion, of being treated by the sensible part of the nation with the contempt he deserved, his mob from being noisy, now became riotous. However, desperate in his affairs, he offered himself for a neighbouring district, and after his party had violated the peace, and taken a variety of unjustifiable methods, he was returned, and became a member of the senate. Meantime he had surrendered himself to justice, and he was brought to his trial: yet these very animals, who made such an outcry against proceedings contrary to law, were of all creatures, the most lawless, that justice should not take place. They wrote the most virulent letters and papers, partial to an excess of falsehood, in order to inflame the nation to rise in the defence of a criminal, and pervert the stream of justice.

The next step of Pasquint's emissaries, was to force the judge to become unjust, to betray his office, give up the laws, and sacrifice offended majesty. They strove by fair means to cajole him
to

to compliance, and they endeavoured to intimidate him to base purposes, but still he was inflexible. They told him the temper of the times demanded Pasquint to be pardoned, that if he pretended to do justice, he would be torn to pieces. That not only his life was in danger, but that there was no answering for an exasperated populace, rescued from slavery by their minion, who was going to be punished; rather than suffer which, they should take up arms in his defence, and might light a fire that would set the nation in flames, and be the destruction of the country.

Notwithstanding which, the great judge nobly declared on the bench with Roman equanimity, he would on no account do evil that good might come of it, but let what would be the consequence, he would do justice to his king, his country, and his office, and leave the rest to providence; but as to his own life, which he declared could not be long, he would not on any account set his existence, dear as it was, in competition with his honour, and accordingly

ingly be boldly pronounced his sentence of imprisonment.

His tumultuous mob, from being clamorous, became rebellious. When he was consigned to the officers of justice, they took off the horses from his carriage, and instead of suffering him to be conducted to the prison, in which he was condemned to be confined, they drew him into the city in the most tumultuous manner, though they did not absolutely prevent his imprisonment. Soon after he was in durance, they assembled in vast parties, when trusting to their numbers, and glorying in their wickedness, they set no bounds to the insolence of expression. They reviled the government, in terms the most scurrilous, they gave a loose to the dictates of revenge, in the most abusive language, and indulging to the spirit of faction, spared not to insult even the person of majesty.

Thus like an insurrective army with shouts that made the vaulted arch of heaven ring again, they blessed the name in Pasquint, and uttered direful execrations against Zenobia and Longinus in the public streets. Then flying through
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the whole metropolis in squadrons of unruly mob to the terror of the inhabitants; they amidst tremendous acclamations, commanded every house to fill their windows with lights in honour of Pasquint. Those few who had the resolution to disobey the insolence of arbitrary ruffians, had their windows broke while they threatened to pull down the very houses about their ears, and actually hurled up massy stones from the pavement, and forced them to compliance.

The magistrates, in hopes their fury would subside on a little reflexion, took at first, no measures to quell a disturbance, that might be the effect of thoughtlessness; but when they repeated the experiment with superadded malignancy, when the city became alarmed, and danger erected his preposterous head, threatening the calamities of insurrection; the magistrates assembled to consider on the best means to still the disorder. Accordingly they collected all the petty officers under their command, and endeavoured all in their power to disperse the lawless rioters, but to little purpose.

Flying

Flying about in great bodies for several nights, they bore away like a violent torrent to the palace in which the chief magistrate of the city resides, and committed such outrages as made the graver citizens tremble for the consequence. For if mingled among the insurgents, any desperate traitor had fired the city, they might have brought on the metropolis irremediable desolation. The magistrates were obstructed in their office, their persons put in danger, and their houses assaulted: yet the government knowing of these outrages, ever mild from the first, was loath to take coercive measures, to assert itself, and punish the giddy disturbers of the public peace. However, not to be wanting in the great duty of a state, it began to think of some adequate method to settle order, and protect the dutiful subject. In more despotic countries, where from the rising of a few, the most dreadful insurrections are occasioned, in which often fall millions of people, the streets stream with the blood of citizens, and the government is overturned; to prevent which, they crush

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the monster faction in its dangerous conception, and send parties of soldiers, who without the least ceremony rush among the rebellious, and cut them to pieces.

But the Alban legislature more consonant to mercy, endeavour first to quench disturbance without destroying the persons; but the gentler methods failing, and patience producing no right effect, public good demands of those who hold the reins of government, to take some method in the way of terror, to prevent rebellion, and cut off a few members in order to save the whole body. Mercy, goodness, and benevolence, allow this doctrine, and the safety of the nation demands its practice. Accordingly the magistrates, unable to stop the fermentation among an outrageous populace, and greatly alarmed, required the aid of the legislature, and the government gave them to understand, that parties of guards should be at hand on that day, when it was feared there would be a great tumult before the prison in which Pasquint was confined, and which the licentious mob threatened to pull

pull down if their favourite was not released. They promised the same fate on the same occasion, to the senate-house itself, so insolent were they grown from their impunity; nay they actually forced the prison door, but driven away, they stormed the house of the marshal, who begged the magistrates assistance, and a body of soldiers became the only resource.

Accordingly, in the threatened morning, the idle, the dissolute, and the factious, began to assemble in the fields before the prison, and formed at last, a vast concourse of people that seemed capable of every outrage, and set upon some peculiar mischief. The court was alarmed, the city terrified. The vigilant magistrates, as was their incumbent duty, came to the agitated scene, found it was impossible for them and a few officers with staves, to disperse such a lawless rabble; and dreading the consequence, they sent for a party of soldiers to their assistance, as now it appeared absolutely necessary that something should be done for the good of the state, and to prevent a rebellion.

The soldiers came and drew up before the prison-wall in the fields, and the captain of the guard delivered up his command into the hand of the magistrates. For it is the peculiar happiness of free-born Albans, when the military is called in to support the civil power, and quell disturbances; that the command of the soldiers is vested in the magistrates, that liberty might not be encroached upon by the violence of arbitrary power.

As a young officer on duty was drawing up his men according to order, the populace became extremely riotous, threatening to break open the prison, release their idol Pasquint, and do him justice on his foes. The terrified magistrates, who dreaded consequences, appeared before the clamorous mob, and calmly expostulated with them, but the tempest grew more outrageous, which now discharged itself in a shower of stones on the magistrates, who commanding a licentious paper to be taken from the wall, exasperated their utmost fury, that their lives were in imminent danger, though

though all they came for, was to quell disturbance and restore peace. Then one of the rabble, who was daring and vociferous, stepping forward, had the temerity, unprovoked by any act but their presence, to begin an attack upon the troops, and catching up the first thing he saw upon the ground, he hurled it among them, and hit the young officer in the face. Constables quickly commanded to apprehend the bold rioter, and obeying, were supported by the officer and several soldiers, who immediately pursued the assaulter; in order to bring him before the magistrates, and deliver him over to justice, according to the laws and customs of his country. Nothing could be more right, regular and timely. The offender mingled among the herd, in hope of concealment or protection, and that one violence might be contended by another, but at length he took shelter in a cow-house. In the interim, an unfortunate youth, the hope of his family, and a person of an excellent character, hearing a great noise by the multitude's running and their shouts, came from his house, which was situated on the

scene of action. The youth seeing two soldiers take his line of direction, he likewise fled, fearful of dangerous consequences though quite innocent, and took refuge in the same place in which the offender had sheltered himself, whose person and dress, he at that distance exactly represented. The guards mistaking him for the criminal, pursued him to take him prisoner, but a soldier's foot unfortunately slipping, in the stumble his gun went off, and the youth was shot by mere accident, without any design in either the officer or soldier, who were absolutely innocent of his death; and the youth died directly a sacrifice made by the wicked unlawful mob of Pasquint to faction, and his death can be attributed to none more justly, than to the seditious Pasquint.

In relating why the youth was there, we will lean on the side of tenderness for his memory, and say he only came stimulated by curiosity to be a spectator. Out of soothing respect to his fond parents, we shall not throw out cruel insinuations to rend open the scarce-healed wounds of grief and waken paternal

ternal grief. No, we sooner would dry up the tear of distress, and sooth the keen anguish of a wounded spirit; we will say the luckless youth was only drawn there by curiosity.

But justice requires of us not to sink any circumstance, nor to hide the truth. Though the young man came not that fatal day to assist the riot; yet truth positively declares this is matter of fact, and the appeal is laid to heaven, that the day before, he was very busy in the assault which was made upon the magistrates. Thoughtless of consequences, he made one among the riotors, and heated by their madness, and seduced by vile examples, he was very lively on the side of Pasquint, and actually palted the magistrates in their sacred office.

But may this be imputed to him, only as the error of unwary youth void of ill design, and agitated by giddy passions. Peace to his gentle shade. Be all his little errors forgot. Let the flowery turf lie lightly on his harmless bosom, and may pitying angels hail him to their blest abodes; and to his disconsolate parents, in the balmy hour of

repose, found the sweet voice of tender comfort, and subside their passions.

That the youth was shot by chance is a truth, which a noble officer, high above falshood, acquainted me, when I had the honour to have a repast with him, and he is the son, the brother, and the uncle of three great dukes. To whose charge then can be laid the guilt of the murder, but to him whose unjustifiable behaviour caused the insurrection? And therefore on him the odium ought to fall. Now Pasquint's mob became outrageous, they threatened devastation to their enemies, and the most dreadful consequences were to be apprehended. Though the populace had no manner of business to assemble before the prison, though nothing was going to be transacted to the prejudice of their favourite, yet the magistrates could not disperse them; and fearing the worst, after repeated outrages, they read the riot law; an hour after which, if they did not disperse, they were liable to be shot by the soldiers, without any relief from the legislature, which deemed them disobedient and factious subjects.

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After this they breathed the spirit of revenge against the guards and magistrates; they irritated each other with rebellious fury, their invectives thundered against Zenobia and Longinus, joined them together in the most odious manner, nor did their licentious tongues spare majesty itself; while Pasquint, in their acclamations, was considered as their guardian angel, the saviour of his country, and the protector of liberty. Declaring they would die in his defence, and threatening direful vengeance; they only seemed to wait for some desperate leader to act some desperate deed.

Not satisfied with doing nothing, some of the rioters determined to attack the justices, while they pulled down their threatening paper from the wall, and accordingly they pelted them with the largest stones and bricks they could find. In particular, they hit one on the head in such a manner, that had they been a few yards nearer, the skull must have been fractured. What was to be done in this critical situation? Could the guards tamely stand to be pelted to death? But though insulted in this manner, nothing was attempted contra-

ry to the strictest discipline. Were the magistrates to suffer a violent set of rioters, to bully the king and people, fill the metropolis with rebellion, and assault themselves with impunity?

They consulted together what was best to be performed for public good, and they were clearly satisfied that it was their duty, which they owed to their office, their king and country to assert themselves. Yet in pity to a deluded giddy rabble, that knew not, nor cared for consequences, the magistrates came forth, and several worthy men, explained to them the nature of the riot act, and that if they did not disperse from the illegal assembly, they would be liable to be shot. One in particular, begged them to retire for the sake of their wives and children, and that justice should be done to all their lawful demands, but they grew the more outrageous, would not be pacified, and were resolved on desperation. Menaces were despised, and the voice of humanity rejected. Then in the triumph of riotous obstinacy, they displayed their love of liberty, by attacking the frightened magistrates, till by a great brick,
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they struck one of the chief, and he narrowly escaped with life. Then forced to the dreadful alternative of either killing or being killed; orders were given to the first line to fire, which killed several, notwithstanding which the giddy multitude could not be dispersed.

Thus the humane magistrate desired the mob to retire, as the riot act was read and the time expired. The mob required it to be read again, and while the magistrate condescended to read it, they threw a brick, hit him on the temples, made him reel against the wall, and then, when he recovered, he gave order for the guards to fire, and several were killed. The order might be rash, but the fear of his life, knowing the party, forced him to defend himself. The alternative was kill or be killed, and sure the life of a magistrate is as valuable as a weaver's! That Pasquint was glad so many lost their lives, is matter of no dispute, for it afforded you, O wretch, a plausible pretext to attack the ministry, and give vent to thy malice. When government, by letters publicly declared, that it would support

port its just measure, nothing can equal the dire acrimony of expression Pasquint made use of to exasperate his mob, and he strove to lay the charge of murder and massacre against his sovereign, who is one of the most merciful men in his kingdom. But monster, why did you not, when you saw the danger of your mob, and that the guards would fire, why from your window did you not call, or send to the wretches, tell them the dreadful consequences of their unlawful assembling, and beseech them to retire to their business, their wives, and children? Unfeeling monster! you was in hopes that the mob, when exasperated, would have rushed on the soldiers and begun a rebellion, which you would have turned to your advantage; for like a ferocious turk, you would gladly climb up mountains of the slain to reach the summit of your ambition! but what mercy and sensibility can be expected from a selfish wretch, who void of principles, can feel for none but himself, making himself the centre of all his thoughts and actions. Thou wouldst be a free-man—that is totally free of all
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ties, human and divine ; but thou shalt be for ever mistaken.

Such was the infatuation of the rioters, that they would not yet quit the scene, where their obstinacy had caused the fall of several of their associates. Anger, spite, and fury, agitated their bosoms, but a party of horse being sent for, and arriving, they feared to act the purposes of their revenge. Standing the worst till midnight, they retreated, and wreaked their fury on the houses of several magistrates, to the terror of the neighbourhood ; but the death of the idle people, who ought to have been at home, or quitted the scene of disturbance, had this salutary effect, that the rioters did not come in such violent bodies again, and did not commit such outrages. At length finding the government in earnest, they forbore their nocturnal rambles, and dwindling to a few idle spectators, they were utterly dissipated ; the neighbourhood of Pasquint, to their great joy, was delivered from the most dangerous rabble ; the capital was eased of its terrors, and the nation itself calmed of that tumultuous

multuous spirit, which became extremely alarming.

Furious with a rage, common to the most inveterate creatures, they shed their venom, and brandished their forked tongues in effectless malice, fraught indeed with a malignity that shewed, if they had power, that they wanted not for will to perpetrate the most wicked revenge. But in spite of all their clamour, the sober part of the nation was soon satisfied, that Pasquint was a designing factious fellow, that his mob were a dangerous set of people, and that the government long acting with great patience and uncommon lenity, were forced by the lawless rioters, to pursue measures, which though irksome, they found necessary; that by gently breathing a vein, they might save the whole body politic, which was beginning to be in danger, if the inflammation was suffered to spread without application of the proper remedies. The end it answered was worthy the best of governments.

End of the Fourth Book.

BOOK

BOOK the FIFTH.

The ARGUMENT.

Pasquint neglected by the best of his party, at which he meditates evil. Britannicus, as if nothing happened, exercises himself in doing good to his country. To his honour he begins to establish academies. Civil broils distracted Alba from the culture of taste. Pasquint in despair meditates feuds and civil discord. Faction spirits him again to exasperate the government. He gets himself elected among the elders of the metropolis, moved by avarice, which prompts him to gain the chief magistracy in hopes of its pension, or the fingerings of its treasury. As a caution, a black catalogue is given of his public villainies.

NOW the best friends of Pasquint began to cool, who had been hearty in his cause. By a history which he began to write of his country, they found he was a man of no abilities in the literary world, and they soon discovered

vered he was of no real consequence in the political:—for after some of the great had employed him in their dirty work, deserting him, they left their great champion alone to grope his dark way, through the intricate labyrinth in which he was involved by faction.

Duly examined, all his supposed great capacity was nothing but emptiness. Truth tearing off the mask of liberty, shewed him all a villain. The specious gilding of an outside appearance, laid on him by pretensive freedom once removed, he appeared nothing but the basest metal; and weighed in the exact scales of honour, truth, justice, and virtue, he was found utterly light and entirely wanting: therefore he was despised by the worthy part of mankind, who saw him in his true light; neglected by the men of power, and only regarded by a few mistaken drunken, dissolute, idle, factious, and debauched people.

Now disappointed in his ambition, and kept in a dungeon, he bit his chains in mere anger, and meditated direful retaliation; though his foreboding
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ing heart told him the arrows of his revenge would recoil on himself. He felt within his anxious understanding, a fearful looking after wrath to come, while his lacerated conscience pictured to his mental eye prodigious clouds big with destruction, hanging over his head, where dreadful tempests were brewing for his chastisement, and where vengeance mounting his fiery ear, was preparing the thunderbolt that fate intended for his ruination.

Meantime the gracious sovereign, as if nothing had happened, like the sun which still keeps shining, though hid for some time by fogs and dense exhalations, was still performing all the good in his power to his people. His predecessors had loaded the nation with such excessive debts and taxes, and the party his honest heart detested, had interwoven such a fatal system of corruption in the state, that almost tied his hands from doing that extensive good to the nation, which the grandeur of his heart dictated; but every useful plan that could be thought upon, whether for the encouragement of commerce, the perfection
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of manufacturies, and the promotion of the finer arts of taste, met his encouraging assistance.

Thus, with a spirit equal to all praise, though in the late reign the nation was exhausted of its treasure; yet Britannicus tried to establish the so much wanted academy for the perfection of the polite arts: the attempt reflects honour to his taste, and will enrol him in the temple of fame. By such academies as this, the rival neighbours of Alba, gained a more true glory than by arms, or if by arms she gained true glory, it was owing to her academies that her generals were great; in arts they had studied with the best masters, easily and scientifically.

When the muse takes a retrospective view of the Alban annals, she cannot but remark that the nation was distracted with civil commotions, while the neighbouring kingdoms were arriving to that perfection in the arts and sciences, which raises the artists to immortal fame. The introduction of taste in the elegancies of life, is of infinite utility to a great state. Among the
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rich it cuts out various channels for opulence to convey part of its wealth, to employ the ingenious and the industrious, while it polishes human nature; and adding to the pleasures of enjoyment, it enlarges the soul: so far from introducing vice, it is the best way in which riches can be employed.

Happy indeed is Alba in this, that by spilling the blood of her sons in civil wars, she secured that glorious freedom to her posterity, which is the envy of a wondering world, almost totally immersed in the deepest abyss of slavery, out of which there is no hope of redemption. Well then may Albans be tenacious of their rights, and jealous of freedom, but still there are equal privileges due to its kings, which every good man holds sacred; for without that superior head, liberty could not subsist. Nothing can be so dangerous to a state, and to its freedom, as those designing knaves, who cloath themselves in the deceptive garb of liberty, and irritate a people against their sovereign, that they may fish to themselves a fortune in their country's troubles.

Notwithstanding the latter kings, who were all foreigners, neglected the grandeur of the nation, which they made their property: Although void of taste, they disregarded to patronize men of merit; yet so powerful is the Alban genius, they excel in several arts and sciences; and shew by what they have done, what they could do, if their kings, instead of fighting the battles of the ungrateful, had with a quarter of the millions thrown away, given them encouragement.

Britannicus rectifying their mistake, gives a specimen of the noble plans he has laid down, and will bring into practice for the honour, utility, and happiness of Alba, whose good is so dear to his heart. This truth all his actions evince, loudly proclaimed by his benevolent character and the honour of his conduct; for sure never prince was fraught with better dispositions, the gift of nature, established by the sincere culture of a noble education, conducted by the best of parents, in which she had the nation's good, and her dear lord's
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injunctions in view, as much as the welfare of her princely pupil !

More and more Oh, happy Alba, will you behold the blessed effects of having on your throne the most virtuous prince in the world ; who acts on principle as much as the meanest of his subjects ; (would to heaven they had but half his principles) though he has the power like other princes, to indulge his passions, and take his fill of voluptuousness. Expecting this of him, the good and worthy are satisfied of the uprightness of his intentions, and easy as to the event. The better part of the mistaken and the inflamed, see their error, penetrate the artifice of Pasquint, and dispel the clouds of dissatisfaction : and as to the wicked and rebellious, they will melt away to their original nothingness, or fall beneath the frowns of affronted justice. The sons of virtue, of which Alba is not destitute, who act upon principles, and bow down to the precepts of fair religion ; they shall find protection from the powers beneficent to man, who shall be to them a rock of defence in the hour of danger, and a lanthorn to their feet

the dark paths of perplexity. Watchful over them on the soft downy bed of sleep, at the joyous banquet of pleasure, in the trials of adversity, and thro' the complicated journey of life, they shall so harmonize their souls, that pleasure itself shall be truly pleasurable, but shall extract from pain its malignant sting, and blunt the arrow of misfortune; that the valuable part of mankind, who hold a wicked world from falling, may cry, as they strike their meditative breasts, there is certainly over all nature a benevolent providence!

At this time, the gloom of despair began to darken the ambitious hope, with which Faction often enlightened the mind of Pasquint, and the damp of disappointment hung heavy on his soul. Forgot by those to whom he had been a tool, he perceived himself no longer of any consequence, and that he could no longer dupe the giddy populace, whose eyes began to be opened. He saw that the affront, which of himself he hurled against his sovereign, was unpardonable from its evil tendency, and that any worthy person would be ashamed

ed, not only to vindicate and excuse, but even to solicit his pardon. Add to this, his confinement, where his visitors came less frequently the charm of novelty being lost, grew irksome.

Though in his factious writings he had discovered tolerable spirit, heated by party rage, and inflamed by ambition, vanity, and avarice; when left to his own strength, he betrayed a total want of genius, falling short of most that went before him; though they had marked his progress, cleared his way from difficulty, and sufficiently provided matter for the whole journey, yet he miserably failed and proved himself nobody! for a lady whose character is valuable as his is detestable, so excelled him in historic genius, that it is a disgrace to place near his, her honoured name.

Yet like the fallen powers above, he gained no benefit from disappointment, nor at being chastized repented, but ever betrayed a willingness to repeat his fault, and act that wickedness from revenge, which before was self-interest. In this temper of mind, Faction from

his cloudy concealment, perceiving his crest-fallen champion, spirited him up again to write something that might exasperate the government, manifest himself of the same conspiring disposition, and keep up the spirits of the desponding party.

Pasquint, cold and spiritless in great things, was enthusiastic in trifles, and like a little cur, barking in a violent passion at the running of a chariot-wheel, he was all fire in needless opposition. Thus he published remarks on a letter, about the affair of the guards; but like a flash in the pan, it vanished away in smoke, and only evinced he was no changeling. But as they had caught the ramping savage in his wilderness, and confined him for his great demerit, they were resolved for the good of the nation, to divest him of his terrific teeth, and tear up by the roots his detested claws; that when let loose again upon the world, he should do the less evil among the thoughtless race of mortals.

Previous to the doom that was hanging over his devoted head, which threatened

tened an irrevokable expulsion from his greatest boast in popularity; he cast about his interested eyes, to see if happily he could discover a favourable port, which if it could not prevent the storm, might break the violence of its fury. With the most painful pangs of anxiety, he intimately felt that all his blooming hopes of ambition were blasted in the bud, and that the aspiring tree could never bear the golden fruit which his poverty so often longed to gather.

What was to be done for a living, for though an extravagant fellow, he was a beggar to all intents and purposes! But at length necessity suggested, that the best place he could take refuge in was the opulent city, as from the giddy thoughtless part of the citizens, he might be maintained in idleness, tho' by the more sensible, he knew himself justly despised, and nobly rejected.

Accordingly he strove to keep up his popularity among the vulgar herd, which he did by writing against the ministry, and by the artifice of his emissaries, who stooped to every vile method to inflame the mob in his favour. At length

one of the honourable body of magistrates, from which the chief is elected, died; and he had the assurance to offer himself, knowing the voters consisted in general, of the lower class of tradesmen, who being a set of unthinking people, but in their several occupations, are run away with by wrong notions, and like machines, are easily worked up to any pitch of movement, by an artist in the passions.

Pasquint and his emissaries, by their flagitious writings and speeches, made these burghers believe, that the court were taking away the peoples liberties, and that he boldly for the publick good stood in the gap, a saviour who delivered them from bondage. These were circumstances, if true, as they were utterly false, that must endear him extremely to their heated imaginations; and deluded into a belief of a positive falsity, they chose him among their most respectable magistrates. This was the first best step to the desire of his soul, the chief magistracy; and the evil heart of Pasquint exulted with unusual triumphs, in the glorious prospect opening

ing to the delighted eye of mercenary faction.

But, ye deluded citizens, ye infatuated Albans, as you have not time to investigate the pernicious tendency of this stroke, and are too blinded by party zeal, to see far into the enquiry against the idol of faction; let me take the trouble off your hands, and scatter the mist, which his cunning has thrown over your eyes. I can relate to you such facts as shall prove to the least impartial, that he strove to dupe you for a mere maintainance, if not to plunder your beloved city of its riches, for the truth of which I appeal to the public.

When Pasquint exiled himself in France, he ran in every person's debt that had the faith to trust him, without having any visible method of discharging the honour which he pawned. Nay he did such acts which merited nothing better than a halter, particularly, he took up toys, jewels, &c. to a considerable amount, under false pretences, and sold them; which was a new-invented way of getting money, and cheating the incautious trader.

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As a proof of uncommon baseness, and that a man must be hackneyed in the ways of villainy, when he touched the Italian shore, destitute, he was received by a mistaken Alban, who commiserating his misfortunes, received him into his house, and in the most hospitable manner. Such acts of friendship certainly merited the most generous returns, exacted honour in the manly breast, and where there was none would create it, or stifle at least the ignoble principles.

But dead to every generous feeling, and given over to baseness, he watched the unguarded hours of unsuspecting humanity, and taking advantage, like the prostitute, in the soft moment of undenying friendship, he borrowed, or rather stole, by the arts of false plausibility, from time to time, as much money, as he could possibly drain from his friend; and then to pacify the fears of awakening prudence, he drew upon a person he knew would not answer his draught, by which he cheated gulled hospitallity under the mask of friendship, and the fallacious pretences of liberty!

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But what proves him a villain of the blackest dye, lost to all sense of shame, and utterly destitute of principles, was his sacrilegiously robbing, or defrauding the treasury, sacred to charity, in a manner the most scandalous; for which he deserves to be hanged more than any robber that has been publicly executed this century! By the sanction of his being a gentleman, he obtained a large sum from an hospital, in order to place out its children to proper nurses, and pay the people; but by a wicked lie, the pretence of artifice, and cruel cunning, pretending he forgot his vouchers, he obtained on his honour the accounts to be passed, and got a discharge, when he had not paid the poor people, which he declared he had. But when the sufferers came to demand their due of the astonished treasurers of the hospital, they were obliged to pay them again. Thus he procured a noble booty, the public gifts, which served to maintain him a little longer in his extravagancies.

I appeal to you, ye men of business, if such actions in trade, would not bespeak a person unfit for all trust, and

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one with whom the most credulous would scorn to have any dealings? Would they not loudly proclaim, that such a person was to be shunned as a viper or a mad cur, and that he was a dangerous man, from whom every piece of villainy was to be dreaded? And yet, O fatal power of infatuated party, you are nourishing this starving viper in your too partial bosoms, who, when you have warmed him by your favours into vigour, assure yourselves, either from his natural ingratitude, his habitual wickedness, his self-interest, or all together, will sting you to the heart.

In excuse for this unequalled wickedness, his defenders in vice declare in prompt apology, that—O dire excuse of the banditti!—his necessity was urgent, and that he would return the money he thus borrowed when he was able. And as to the debaucheries of his youth, they declare that we have no right to scrutinize the private actions of any man, and to draw from thence consequences to his prejudice; though it is the favourite privilege of free-born Albans, to bring the public actions of every man
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in public life, however ennobled to the test, from which to fix his character; either if wicked, to mark it with the brand of infamy, or good to enrol it in the temple of fame. But as to saying none has a right to inspect the private life of any man, it is false and pernicious reasoning. As a member of the senate, is a representative of a body of people, they of all things should know his private character, for a private rascal can never make a public man of honour; and he that is a scandalous villain in secret, will certainly prove a villain in the state. Where a man has no ties, and is totally void of principles, what shall stop him in any pleasurable or profitable act of villainy? And know that vice is no changeling, and never puts on the irksome cloak of virtue, but to delude the unwary, and cheat the credulous!

If these things are so—as they are absolute verity, is such a bad man a fit person to be your chief magistrate? Cannot you with an eye, perceive the wisdom of the stroke in him, and the folly in yourselves, pardon the expression,
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the advancement towards that unmerited honour? Why the poor needy wretch is a beggar!—and his object is—not the gilded coach,—but the pension you allow your great officer, if he confesses himself seized by the direful gripe of poverty. You are now convinced he is a beggar, and polluted by the worst of vices—a beggar, did I say?—yes let me take the tremendous voice of a cloud fired by storms, and thunder villain and beggar to his starting soul till it shrinks within him at the horrid image. Didst thou not, O creeping Pasquint, attend the levee of the hated Longinus, whom the spite of thy revenge has painted in the blackest colours? Yes, fawning sycophant, you danced attendance at his levee, you begged, you beseeched him to make you a governor, and, abject of soul, in the meanest manner, when the eye of noble office turned averfive to your humble petition—When the statesman knowing his man by his worthless character, met not thy avaritious prayer with smiles, you became a sturdy beggar, demanding an office, for which you was at once both
unfit

unfit and unworthy, and he refused your request! for what propriety would there be in giving you the title of excellency, —without it was in villainy.

Then frantic with anger, and bursting with revenge, the heart of Pasquint boiled with inexpressible rage, and invoking all the diabolic furies, he opened wide his dire bosom for their reception, and was filled with their inspirations. Revenge thrice repeated he called aloud, and the cloud-wrapt infernals in gratulating sounds responsive, cried revenge, which caught by all the diabolic powers, reached through the dusky air, and awakened horror starting from her pitchy cloud of sleeping thunders! thus Pasquint resolved to attack Longinus, but how could he wound him in the most sensible manner was the question. He sat meditating at his table—but behold the demon of malice placed before him vast sheets of paper made from the vesture of lasciviousness, capable of every vile impression. In his ready hand, fire-eyed spite put the black pen of revenge, plucked from the pinion of lie-creating falshood, made by
faction

faction, and dipped in aconite, black as Erebus; while the fiercest imps of hell, blew in his heart the fire of fury, and inflamed his soul with the rage of desperation. Thus ye Albans, this refusal was the origin of your champion, who falsely boasted he wanted not place nor pension, when all hell knows he would do any thing for either; but being denied both, he flew in the face of majesty, and would make you his dupes, and the ladder, that treading on you, he might rise at least to a maintenance. Consider then ere too late, for if rising upon your shoulders, he should, from one thing to another be chosen your chamberlain, what may be the consequence, when such great sums of your money will be in the power of a man, who in a little has proved himself a great villain in the affair of the hospital; after squandering fifty thousand pounds of his own, his wife, and his creditors.

End of the fifth Book.

BOOK

BOOK the SIXTH.

The ARGUMENT.

Lucifer finding his malice frustrated against Alba, summons his peers, to consider the next step to be taken to gratify his malignity. His court, throne, and person described. He is attacked by Ridicule, blames Rebellion who fiercely retorts. The infernals quarrel, and all hell is thrown into the confusion it prepares for earth. Rebellion attacks hell's grimly king. The palace, buried by the art of Lucifer, his foes in ruins, out of which soon arise innumerable tents in a field of battle, with colours flying, and trumpets sounding. Then news arrives that Seraphael is coming to demand Faction. Satan conciliates by artifice Rebellion to a peace, who then takes his dire flight to Poland. Lucifer and his crew disperse to the regions of concealment.

NOW the plans of Lucifer proving abortive, he dispatched his messenger throughout the dusky regions of

air, to summon the infernal peers to a grand consultation. Meantime the architectural demons were busied in erecting a grand council-chamber. Towering aloft appeared an immense dome, decorated with gems, which reflected the rays of a vast ball of fire. Depending by a golden chain, a second sun, it beamed beautifully luminous, pouring out, like the world's great luminary, ample floods of light and heat. Surrounding the central dome, were a thousand cupolas clustering magnificently beneath, supported by lofty columns, under which were raised the seats of the gods of hell.

Rising above them all, was erected the throne of hell's chief god, over which hung self-poised an elevated canopy, that shaded off the direct rays of the fiery orb above, as well as indicated grandeur.

The broad basis sustained up-rising archades of chrystal, spangling like diamonds, to whose avenues led a hundred magnificent porticoes of polished granite, traced with marbly streaks of veinny gold, and running tints of sweet meandering

meandring vermillion. Though harmonious symmetry connected every portico, yet the genius of variety pleasingly diversified their style with new magnificence, while every entrance were guarded by terrific fiends in horrible forms.

When the aerial princes, who now obeyed the mandate of their grand lord, had taken their seats; the proud emperor of air announced his approach by the sound of trumpets, and the thundering artillery of the clouds. At length he entered the court, and all the peers uprose respectful, while he ascended his noble throne in prodigious pomp, surrounded with his grand officers, who held up his ample train, or cleared his passage as he past the throngs of fallen angels of the lower order, who filled the extensive court.

For some time he lay reclined on a velvet sofa in his vast throne, as if fatigued, then rising by degrees, he presented a form that bore very little analogy to any thing human, which he disdained to imitate, as if he was the model of elegance, designed by the hand

of perfection, whom indeed he hated, because he infinitely surpassed him in every thing praise-worthy; suffice it to say, that his pyramidical vehicle, presented a vast protuberance, stuck round with optics for vision, and was a poor succedaneum for envied omnipresence.

The demon of ridicule first rose up, who rather losing his existence than his joke, makes himself the test of truth, and wantonly reviling things sacred and divine, he deifies his wit, which employed in the common cause of vice and wickedness, takes a delight in piercing all the virtues to the heart, enjoying their fall with the most exulting triumph.

Ridicule bowed, affectly sneering with pointed grimace, and thus he delivered himself: and so Lucifer, you have overthrown your foes, and the next step will be to storm heaven. Thanks to fate, we have a chief, most liberal of his promises, and if he seldom performs them, why that must be attributed to some occult quality.

But I admire thy magnanimity which is above all praise, for you rather chose to rule in hell than serve in heaven;
though

though some may say that we thy peers are a set of preposterous fools, to give up our ministry in the mansion of bliss, to be slaves in the seats of misery : but there is a stubborn glory in the unconquered mind, that supports itself to bear misery, and give up the substance of true liberty for its dim shadow licentiousness! You taught us to know evil. How dear the purchase! You made us pay our all for what is worse than nothing!

I do not blame you, O prince, for having self at the bottom of all your actions, as there is something extravagantly noble in your favourite disposition; for to please your single self, rather than give up a momentary gratification, you would throw the whole universe into disorder, confound not only this solar system, but would unhinge every world scattered through space, and demolish all their countless inhabitants.

But I admire your address, which is capable, after infinite deceptions, still to dupe spirits thy equal.

But now, Oh invincible chief, what subterfuge? What entertaining evasion? What plausible pretence? What eloquent deception hast thou to gild over the frustration of thy Alban purposes? O father of lies, we wait to hear how thy inventive genius will bring thee off.

While ridicule gave vent to his malicious taunts, the haughty chief galled in his inmost pride, frowned black aversion, and several times waved his hand for silence, which was disregarded; while all the peers enjoyed his anger, and encouraged the jest. Out of patience the infernal prince up-starting, cried thundering aloud at all his mouths, like the broadside of a first rate man of war.— Silence caitif, or expect the vengeance of injured majesty. To back his command, fifty of his hands levelled at his breast, a grove of pointed javelins, big as the forest oak, to overwhelm the daring jester; who having exhausted his venom, slunk down in silence, being a coward in proportion to his wit and arrogant garrulity.

Then the great apostate, his fiery eyes glowing like iron furnaces, spoke to his
up

up-rising peers: ye mighty princes, as to the sneers and reproaches of scurrility, they are beneath my notice. But in regard to the failure of the Alban scheme, that indeed requires my direct answer, because it was by me adopted. I delivered over the executive part to faction and rebellion. I shall answer for restless faction, that he did justice to his part, and cleared the way for fire-eyed rebellion. But I declare no more, you must not behold me in the light of an accuser. I only condescend to relate facts, having absolute power to punish without being answerable for what I do to any thing in existence.

The fault then lays in rebellion, let him exculpate himself. He was inadequate. He attempted nothing, and like a dastard, fled from the menaces of Abdiel, though I myself was his shield of defence, and his sword of annoyance. For which cause, ye gods, but in remembrance of what he has done, I swear I would punish him. My vengeance should fly on his defenceless bosom like a dragon of fire, and my justice like terrible thunder-bolts, should nail him

to the centre of the sun, and hang him a dreadful example of traiterous disobedience!

At that, direfully agitated, terrific Rebellion started up. The hell within him flamed in horrid corruscations from his sparkling eyes, and his tremendous voice thus broke out in accents of loud thunder: me, he said, me tyrant didst thou name with baseness. Perish first all universe before I put up so gross an affront, nor will I so demean myself to offer an excuse; my actions are their own apologies, and what I will, I dare perform, in spite of hell's grim mimicking, who would fetter us with perpetual bondage.

But I will be your champion, and set you all free, as we are all equal. Else why did we attack Jehovah, whose easy yoke was truly pleasurable? In whose ever-giving right hand was everlasting joy, whose immarcessible presence divinely beautiful, beamed upon us inexpressible delight. But still to be eternally weighed down with loads of obligations, was slavery to the lofty elevated spirit, that aspired after independency

dency. But if we ventured so much for freedom, how much more shall we struggle against this usurper.

Therefore, thou tyrant, whose authority we all disclaim, immediately recant and acknowledge thyself our deputed servant, else hear me all acheron, and answer in thy dreary caverns: be ye witnesses ye princes of hell's vast domains, and tremble, O world, as at an earthquake, for I swear by ye all, if thou wilt not, O Lucifer, retract thy arrogance and acknowledge us as equals, I myself will——

At that, unable to contain himself longer, the arch apostate cried aloud, what wilt thou despicable wretch?—But beneath my scorn I reply not to thee—Ye gods, he calls in question my authority! But you know, for I appeal to you all, you know I was unanimously elected your chief, and therefore your king.

Then springing high upon their seats, half the fallen angels, now black demons, cried rebellowing like the fall of many waters down a prodigious precipice: it is false, we deny the inference; not our king, thou art our servant.

vant. We chose thee captain, and are thy masters who will never be thy slaves. They spoke, and to make good their bold words, forth from their broad thighs, they drew every angel his vast broad simeter, which catching the rays of light, gleamed terrible flashes of revengeful fire on the confounded apostate who stood astonished.

Rebellion rushing furious on the marble pavement, flourished in defiance his greedy sword, while the multitude cried, to arms to arms, revenge and liberty, and he was followed by half the diabolic host. Lucifer dragging out his enormous sword, screaming from the scabbard, cried: what! is there none on the side of monarchy, is there no loyalty remaining? Shall rebellion be triumphant? No, I behold your glory is not extinct! Aid me then ye gods, and we will assert our injured majesty, and he flew at the head of his more faithful friends, who drew in his defence.

Then Rebellion rushed upon Lucifer, who opposed his shield to the blow, but it was sent home with such a hear-
ty

ty good will, that it cut through the vast defence, and gave him a deep wound.

Thus terribly drove by the fierce assailants, Lucifer had resource more to his policy than to his courage. Immediately by magic art here only true, he waved his prevailing sceptre, to which every meteor gave way. Then the foundation of the superb palace began to totter, the huge marbled pillars broke, and the vast dome, with all the lesser cupolas wide yawning above, tumbled this way and that over the tumultuous infernals, and all falling encumbered together, prevented the dire assault; while the horrid crash loud thundered like a falling city.

Lucifer and his party having an item of the demolishment, were soonest disentangled; and behold by the same kind of magic power, in a spacious champaign of clouds, up grew a pavilion, and all around it innumerable tents, whitened the plain. Loud trumpets resounded with the neighing of war-horses, and the stately appearances of warlike elephants; while aloft fluttering in the wind,
Lucifer's

Lucifer's proud standard blazed angry defiance.

Thus to the charmed spectator appears the splendour of theatric entertainments, when the potent forcerer waves his magic wand, and from a rude scene of rocks, arches, precipices, caverns, and dreary prospects, he changes the scene to gaiety, where around delightful views open themselves, with nymphs and swains blithely dancing to enchanting music; or else he exhibits a magnificent temple, till by a wave of the magic wand, when danger appears, he snaps the trembling foundations, till it vanishes and gives place to a quick change pleasingly diversified.

While both sides were preparing for civil war, news came that Seraphiel, their common foe, was coming with his army to demand faction, and to bind him in chains of adamant. Lucifer resolved to make some concessions, lest Rebellion should join his foe, and together overturn his kingdom. Immediately he mounted his chariot, and rode alone, waving an olive branch in token of peace. When he came before frowning
Rebel-

Rebellion, Lucifer said, What frenzy, O potent prince, seizes the gods of hell, that friends should be fighting friends, and rendring themselves a prey to the common foe. Let us no longer be at variance, for our enemy is coming down upon us with a mighty force. Let us then be again friends. 'Tis Lucifer, not the haughty, nor the tyrant, now at least you will grant me that, but the humble friend that sues, nor be thou too inflexible.

Astonished at his condescension, Rebellion acceded to his desire, and made new terms of friendship; and all the host uniting as before, became one body, cemented by their common ties, for as to true friendship, they were utterly incapable of the sacred feeling. Then they gave themselves up to the recreations of festivity: but on repeated assurances from their scouts, that Seraphiel was advancing to demand Faction, disdaining to give him up, they quickly dispersed, and hid themselves far away in the shades of dark concealment. Rebellion took wing from
Alba

Alba, and settled around Poland to guide the cruel devastation, which the bloody demon of battle was carrying on all round the western regions, for the destruction of the human race.

Why art thou suffered, O fatal evil, to exercise such dominion over the terrestrial globe? Whatever is the doubtful cause, this is certain, that the happy man, who takes virtue for his guide, shall find a way to escape the darts of evil; or if he meets the phantom, shall in the conflict gain immortal glory!

End of the sixth book.

BOOK

BOOK the SEVENTH.

The ARGUMENT.

Seraphiel and his angelic band accord together, and feel unremitting happiness. Their good will described to man, in defending him and the world from the evil genii. Britannicus beheld in the garden of pleasure, is lured to sleep and guarded by angelic beings from the malice of surrounding demons, who are driven off. Then the good powers open a beautiful scene to the king's imagination, and conduct him into the temple of providence, who is promised to be his protector, while integrity rules his heart. A contrast in Pasquint, who is continually haunted by evil demons.

WHILE the kingdom of Lucifer was rent with the outrage of discord, the utmost harmony subsisted between Seraphiel and his angelic host. The great governor of the aerial regions, like a paternal prince, considered every

every existence beneath him as his children.

Thus the mighty power with which the great delegate was entrusted, as well as to curb the author of evil, was exerted for the benefit of the whole, distilling blessings upon frail mortals like the dew of Hermon, which as it falls every morning, like glittering drops of pearl, gives birth to the lovely children of the spring, in all the flowery race, invigorates the spicy shrubs, and fills the clustering grape with richness, while the buxom breeze carries around the aromatic incense.

Not only bent on purposes of good to man, the angels are industrious to counteract the fatal evils which surround them, if they are not the consequence of their vices. While the defenceless human creature, folded in the bosom of sleep, dreams away half his life, open to the force and artifice of demons, they keep their nightly vigils with ever wakeful eyes. They hunt out the evil genii that lay in ambush to introduce evils into the world, chase them screaming to their lurking places, and only suffer them to torment the wicked, or punish

the frailty of virtuous mortals, that they may receive benefit by the corrective scourge of tribulation.

Thus the virtuous Britannicus, one sultry evening, invited by the sweet melancholy whispers of the breezy gale, took a walk in his delightful gardens of retirement, amidst the shrubs gaily blooming to the charmed eye, and elegantly fragrant to the smell. The songsters of the spicy grove, as if conscious of his merciful temper, that could not hurt such inoffensive visitors, fled not at his gracious presence, but void of fear, warbled their wood-notes wild, and artless strains, more pleasing to the ear of solitude, than the costly bands of mercenary musicians, labouring the unperfecting lessons of art.

As he past the banks of the most delightful river of Alba, and turned across the verdant turf, he strayed thro' a lovely vista that shaded off the sultry sun, yet open to receive the cool refreshing gale. Then he came to an aged oak, venerable with his mossy mantle inwrought with mistleto such as antient druids, and poetically-inspired bards

held sacred ; while from the barky trunk, far stretching over-head its spreading arms supported a leafy canopy, offering around to the tired prince a rural seat of pleasing repose convenient, which well pleased he gratefully accepted.

Here as he sat meditating the good of his people, the nature of existence, the answerability of man for his actions, and the magnificence of the sublime creator, before whom the greatest kings are but as worms ; by gentle degrees his extensive mind over-acting itself, he sunk in the soft arms of forgetfulness, and was bound in the agreeable captivity of sleep. While thus he reclined in the open air, the evil genii, who were lurking around the thickest shade, in the form of ill-omened ravens, now flew towards him, actuated by the spirit of spite, resolving to hurt his person, since they could not destroy his government.

Accordingly they endeavoured to infect the air with direful poisons, to raise from the cold watry bosom of overshaded earth, the most noxious vapours, and to encircle him with the most pestiferous

ferous exhalations. They fondly wished to send on him the terrific tyger of the lybian desert, that he might tear him to pieces, while they enjoyed the dreadful gory butchery; or that they could bring the wily serpent with his gilded crest, under which in his fiery mouth, lie concealed azure bags of burning poison, quick to dry up the marrow, and penetrate the inmost soul.

But ineffectual were the exertions of their power to raise the noxious vapours, as vain were their foolish wishes, for the guardian angels who surrounded his walks, took better care of their precious charge, and penetrating their vile intentions, dissipated the pernicious damps, and fatal blasts that began lightly to taint the passing gale, and preserved Britannicus from the approaching evil. Then the heavenly powers drove far away the evil genii, as they wrapped themselves in a cloud black as Erebus, and flew off like smoak from a volcano, spreading upwards from an hideous pillar.

Then benign beings hovered round the sleeping prince, and opened to imagination's

gination's wakeful eye a pleasing scene. Groves of oranges presented themselves half loaded with golden fruit, and half enriched with fragrant blossoms, interspersed with a variety of the most beautiful shrubs, impregnating the ambient air with rich perfumes. Arrayed in glossy plumage, rich with every eye-delighting colour, birds of every elegant shape, formed a concert of the sweetest harmony.

The grove led to a fine chrystal lake, the noble reservoir of various rivulets, which fell in its copious bason, forming a variety of fountains, cascades, and refreshing water-falls. In the centre appeared a romantic rock of marble, upon which was erected the magnificent temple of providence, with four noble porticos, that opened to the four quarters of the world, to which led four elegant bridges of variegated marble.

With an air of supernal delicacy towards the prince, an angel came holding short his rosy robe, half floating in the buxom breeze. Glossy ringlets waved round his shoulders, from which, beautifully white in their downy plumage, budded forth a pair

pair of wings. The evening star shone in his piercing eye. His ruddy cheeks were more lovely than the rosy tincts that blush upon the vernal morn, and his mouth replete with harmony indicated goodness divinely lovely.

Arriving near Britannicus, he said, arise O prince and follow me: the king arose obedient, and was conducted within the glorious temple. High on a throne of tessellated jewels, sat one of the angels of providence, whose eyes clearer than diamonds, and brighter than the sun, seemed capable of penetrating through all things in the world; to which he had the wings of swiftness, and the arm of power to protect and succour instantaneously, wherever distant occasion should require immediate assistance.

When the prince entered bowing, the angel thus spoke; proceed he said, O prince in the now-becoming delightful paths of virtue. Persevere in patriotic principles, and ever practice the lessons of benevolence to mankind, taught by your own heart, and the pure religion you love to obey. Though hell-born faction lets loose upon your fame the

dogs of calumny, thy better fortune shall be as scorpions to their evil hearts.

Rightly art thou desirous of doing thy people all the good in thy power, while thy virtue scorns to encroach on their liberty. Thou art accountable for thy actions to providence, whose substitute thou art below; who for the better regulating nations, suffers a chief magistrate and commands him to be respected. Know then it is a duty thou owest to the supreme, to thy successors, and the nation, not to make concessions injurious to thy royalty: for the happiness of Alba is built as much on the prerogative of the king, as the privilege of the people; and Alba must stand or fall, in proportion as the balance of power is kept in a happy equilibrium.

Stedfast at the helm, O pursue the noble chart, which dictated by virtue, honour loves to approve. Spread wide the sails of public good to the gale of disinterestedness, and steer towards the port of national happiness. Though the adverse winds of party, and the waves of popular commotion arise, though the
immove-

immoveable rocks of self-interest stand up against thee, and the very tempest of rebellion, hurries on surrounded with horror ; yet let not the least fear attack thy heart, but pursue the plans which truth proposes to your bosom ; so shall the adverse winds of party become favourable gales, the waves of popular commotion subside, the rocks of self-interest shall turn to bulwarks of defence, and even the tempest of rebellion pulling down ruin on itself, shall work together to your glory ; for thy protector is providence ! While his left holds for thee a shield of defence, his potent right hand shall brandish the sword of vengeance over thy enemies, and he will establish thy throne on lasting happiness.

The glorious power on the throne ending, the prince awoke, pleased with the visionary scene, which though the work of magic imagination, by its semblance to known truths, cheered his bosom with pleasing ideas that strengthened his better resolutions, and confirmed his trust in a wise providence, which unerringly presides over the ways of mortals.

Not so the dire republican. Offended virtue scorned his acquaintance, and deserted him to the fellowship of vice, who to cheer his dark desponding mind, would dress her powers in the garb of honour, liberty, and resolution, to flatter him on to deeds of darkness, but soon betrayed whence the influence came, by his furious love of outrageous faction. When his agitated soul sought repose on the couch of rest, sweet sleep, the friend of virtue in distress, frequently fled at his kindest invitations, and left him a prey to that sharp-beaked vulture conscience, who living upon remembrance, and fed by recollection, proved his continual tormentor.

Though pleasure made him laugh at religion, as the child of priestcraft for fools to admire: Though selfishness had stript him of moral principles, and had broke every useful tie and sanction, yet he could not stifle vast Hereafter. Appearing in his nightly vigils, she often made him start when she shook her keen lash, or terrified him with the shrieks of prostituted talents.

End of the seventh Book.

BOOK the EIGHTH.

The ARGUMENT.

The heart of Pasquint not bettered by the hand of misfortune. He beholds the gathering storm without shelter at hand. The senate seeing their patience produced no good effect, call him before them to prove the assertions which he threw out to poison the minds of the people. He is expelled the senate, where, always struck dumb, he had not genius to open his lips. Party now by the prudence of Zenobia languishes, and faction from the virtue of the king, dies a lingering death, while happiness and peace assume thier tranquil reign. Zenobia retires to vernal scenes, where her lord used to instruct his lovely offspring. Her private way of life enumerated.

NOW obdurate Pasquint proved, that lenient mercy only renders vile offenders worse, who misconstrue goodness as the motive of fear, which heightens

heightens their consequence to render them the more profligate. So evil rewards its votaries.

He endeavoured to appear chearful before his interested abettors, wretches who love to fish in troubled waters, and who associated with him, because of their congenial natures. He spoke with affected firmness to support the cause of liberty, that is of libertinism: but all his spirits were such as proceed from intoxicating cordials, such were the force of his fierce unruly impatience, and the unrestrained tyranny of his disposition.

Yet amidst all his show of public spirit, he preserved sufficient cunning to make the party redound to his glory; and while he was endeavouring to alienate the hearts of his majesty's subjects, and was exciting them as much as in his power to rebellion, yet he kept himself aloof, nor dared to step from the shelter of laws artfully brought to defend him, though their natural tendency were to bring him to due correction.

Desponding, he saw the dreadful thunder forming against him, as he found himself without a protector. The party
having

having answered their own purposes, and finding him a dangerous fellow with capacity, were forced to give him up on repeated affronts from the pride of his daring impudence, and the folly of his obstinacy, and so became his enemies. Such was the crisis to which he brought his fortune, that in being his friend, they must publicly proclaim themselves the public enemy of the most valuable of kings, whom they loved, and whom personally to affront was their detestation.

Thus all the great hopes formed by his poverty were quashed in the very egg. After having expended his own fortune in luxury and in vices the most criminal: After he had drawn as much from his wife as he could, and had used her ill, because she had wisdom to preserve the rest; after he had basely condescended to defraud the world of as much money as possible to supply his dire extravagancy, he assumed the character of politician with that of pilferer, and mingled with that party where he thought the most was to be got; resolving

ing that the public should maintain his private vices.

No servile wretch could dance attendance more obsequiously than he did, to get a place from Longinus, till he became so troublesome, that he was refused admittance. This affronted his pride and crost his avarice, and in the rage of disappointed ambition, he cast about for revenge and for profit: this very idol of liberty, for one secondary office, would have wrote for any minister, would have supported any measure; and to gain enough to have supplied his voluptuousness, he would have sold his country and assisted in its destruction.

This is easily demonstrated from the history of such liberty-bawlers, when in power or temptation, and from the tenour of his actions in his youth to this time. Indeed the sensible and the worthy are impressed with these sentiments; the few that were connected with him, ashamed of his acquaintance have given him up, and who are his party now but a parcel of interested men like himself? Fools, knaves, disappointed designing people,

people, and an ignorant lazy rabble, that hope rebellion for the sake of plunder, as no change can be the worse for them; they are a prey even beneath tyranny, but useful tools in the hands of ambition.

Now the senate of the nation, sensible of his mildemeanors, and that their lenity produced no good effect in his conduct, but that he was equally flagitious, were resolved at his expulsion. That august body, scorning to contain so rotten a member, and who was so full of contamination, called him up before them, in order to make him answer for the vile assertions, which from time to time, in order to poison the minds of the people, depreciate the ministry, and magnify his own consequence, he had thrown out against the administration, while his bold insinuations glanced against the king.

Though he had made the world believe he could discover amazing pieces of villainy, and robbery of public money, yet amidst all his violent braggs he could discover nothing, nor could prove any one thing he made the gaping world expect.

expect. Thus his vain boasts, and the expectation he raised, were as a prodigious mountain in labour, which brought nothing forth but a silly mouse, and he became lowered in the public eye, as nothing but a vapour, a bubble, and a catch-penny poltroon !

His cajoled friends thought the court did not dare to handle him, for Pasquint made them believe strange things, which their credulity easily swallowed ; and they vainly swore he would not be expelled. But how were they astonished to find, that day after day the senate gave him full scope to discover all his secrets, till with serene equanimity they disclaimed him as a dangerous wicked person, who deserved more rigorous proceedings, to deter the licentious from the same crimes. And accordingly he was expelled with the utmost dishonour from the senate, where dumb as a leaden statue, his paltry genius could not open his discordant lips ; and remanded back to prison, to the utter confusion of himself, his abettors, and the outrageous rabble, who expected that he would do for them impossibilities. He

was

was to raise their wages, that they might be drunk half the week, lower the price of provisions, and take off the taxes. But there the fierce dragon lies in his den, brooding further mischief, a mere nothing where good is the object, but where money, artful enough to seduce subscribers and raise contributions.

Thus from the virtue of Britannicus, and the integrity of his intention to benefit his country, the throne is ever protected by providence from the force of faction and the fraud of evil. And truth declares him the most dutiful son, without being a dupe to affection, the fondest and most faithful of husbands, without being uxorious, and the best of fathers, without narrow partialities.

'Tis to the judgment and perseverance of noble Zenobia, that Alba finds itself no more rent, and distracted by dangerous parties. No pen can describe the enmity that subsisted between the Albans that were of different sentiments in politics. Royal Alfred first laid down the plan which his noble consort taught her princely pupil, who at last, with

with infinite difficulty, and what none besides herself could have done, has conquered the many-headed hydra like another Minerva; and is establishing peace, harmony, and happiness, in the room of civil dissention, hatred, and party-animosity.

Nothing in the female character is more truly valuable, than the prudent conduct of the princess Zenobia. Tho' Pasquint endeavoured to stab her hitherto irreproachable character; though the vilest abuses that ever were offered to women, were cast upon a lady whose rank in life exacted some decorum; tho' her enemies strove to fix on her heart, the poisonous scorpion of infamy, till wickedness proceeded in every act next attempting her sacred life; yet supported by innocence she did not reply. Serene with conscious virtue, she forgave all their baseness, and none suffered on her account; for with the patience of mercy, she pitied the wretched crew.

But heaven suffers not such a temper to go unrewarded. The good and great are sensible that her public way of life, is so far from being reproachable

able, that she is perfectly prudent, that she keeps up her dignity without the ostentation or extravagance, and that as the mother of a great king, she demeans herself with the utmost affability.

The amiable widow of a prince who almost adored her, she rarely comes to the divertisements of high life. All her recreations are the honest pleasures of rural elegance, in the lovely gardens planned by the idol of her heart, whose dear image often recurs to pensive imagination, as she revisits those elegant fabrics in which he often reclined when elbowed from court.

There in various temples, which represent the various religions of the earth, the fond prince would to his royal son, leaning on the maternal knee, philosophically open from the tablet of remembrance, richly stored with knowledge, some useful periods of the historic page, relative to the kingdoms they represented. Such as the wisdom of the Chinese in trade, joined to their folly in idolatry: this in the pagoda. In the mosque, the topic would be the artifice, and tyranny of the Arabian impostor: the

slavery of the Turks, and despotism of the Grand Seignior; their profound ignorance in the arts and sciences, and their impolitic disregard of commerce. In the Morisco temple, the terrible degradation of the human species next to mere brutallity. In the gothic cathedral of Europe. The civil and religious slavery of the people, and the despotism of the priesthood; till bringing the story home, a display was made of Alban freedom, both in church and state, the envy of admiring nations.

These are the hallowed scenes that engage her attention, instead of the nocturnal revels, which seduce the grand, the rich and gay. She deals her bounties to the unfortunate in silent dignity, not with the vain parade of ostentation, a sure benefactress to the deserving, whom the generosity of her temper suffers not to go unrewarded, without squandering the gifts of bounty with indiscriminate prodigality.

As a mistress of many servants from the lord to the menial, keeping the dignity of a great princess, she treats all her dependants with the sweet condescension

cession of urbanity, ever humane and benevolent to the lowest; well knowing that in the eye of providence, there is no respect to persons, and that the deeds of this mortal life, will determine an immortal one, of happiness or infelicity.

Thus the judicious are satisfied of the uprightness in the noble personages, who have so vilely been calumniated by a set of paltry wretches shut out, from the acquisition of wealth, by their wickedness and insignificancy. And thus the good and the opulent are their enemies, well knowing that such fiends are ready at the call of rebellion to overthrow government, and plunder the wealthy, where indiscriminate outrage shields them from chastisement.

For this picture, drawn by duty, truth held up the original; but candour alone will place it in a true light.

End of the eighth Book.

BOOK the NINTH.

The ARGUMENT.

Seraphiel resolves to imprison Faction, and calling a council of guardian angels, sends Uriel to make a demand of Faction, and require Lucifer on peril of displeasure, to give up the fierce fiend. Obedient Uriel with a band of guardian angels, flies to the palace of fallen angels, and received by the guard of Lucifer, is soon conducted to his presence in a magnificent hall amidst his apostate cherubims.

AUspicious providence who is mercifully active over all his works, and who knows that human creatures are but frail beings, will not suffer the virtuous to be confounded with the bold sons of disobedience. He will not give the happiest and the best of nations over to the malice of evil beings; but will restore national tranquility, fix the due affection of a great people, on a prince the most naturally inclined to patriotism, and

and confound the outrageous powers of disorder.

For now Seraphiel, having by his vigilant tendency to do good, counteracted the stratagems of daring Lucifer, and having destroyed the malicious purposes of faction to embroil the kingdom of Alba, resolved to manifest his authority, in order to establish concord and correct vice.

Accordingly he convened his council of guardian-angels, in the superb pavilion of consultation. When they were all met, he came crowned with a starry diadem, and seated in a lofty throne of supreme dignity, he thus expressed himself: the law of order, established by the great creator, has been transgressed by Lucifer and his infernal band, who hold a kingdom of evil in the air, the better to carry on the punishment and probation of mortals; and direful faction has been the instrument of the haughty chief, who endeavoured to set Alba in commotion, the better to complete its destruction.

But by the assisting arm of that providence it is our joy to adore, we have

M 3 defeated

defeated discord, and established that peace and harmony in Alba, which is the foundation of happiness in king and people, and the terror of their enemies, who cannot hurt them but in proportion to their foolish divisions. It now remains that we punish the lawless transgressors, and vindicate the supreme being. For this purpose, O glorious friends, it appears necessary to make a public example of the contriver and abettors of the intentional crime. Therefore let us dispatch an angel to the proud apostate, and require him to give up faction to the corrective scourge of justice; and if he proves, as it is most probable he will, contumacious, we will take him by force of arms, and deliver him up to the arm of vengeance.

These conflicts, however terrible, are often necessary, else evil will dare to despise goodness, and presume on the gentleness of mercy as the imbecility of fear. But if any generous angel dissents from this opinion, or sagacious, has contrived better means to answer the purpose, he is at full liberty to advance his plan, which shall be embraced with plea-

pleasure; the most exalted among the angelic princes, are not infallible. Tho' the sons of supreme excellence, we are far from absolute perfection, that being an incommunicable attribute of the deity. Therefore the robe of humility becomes the most glorious angel, without taking from his imperial dignity.

Concord, unanimity, and a certain kind of vibrating electrical self-consciousness subsisting between the guardian powers; they immediately coincided to Seraphiel's opinion, and declared a full determination of faithfully exerting themselves for its completion, to the honour of God, the good of mankind, and to evince that good presides over evil.

Uriel, with eye undaunted, up rose and said. Not only acquiescing, O mighty power, with the resolution of this august council, I offer myself, the meanest of the angelic train, if haply no other more capable is chosen to be your ambassador. Stedfast to the glory of the most high and his imperial substitute, I will attend the haughty apostate at his pavilion-palace, and without provoking it, stand his worst, should his passions

overact his reason, as may be expected from the violence and injustice of his character.

Seraphiel waving his golden sceptre of approbation, as he sat aloft on his glorious throne among his godlike peers, thus answered, with smiles benignant. Thy zeal, O Uriel, for the glory of the supreme governor of the universe, for our honour, and the good of the human species, is very acceptable to the ear of deputed vicegerency, and merits our particular acquiescence. But not only approving thy zeal, we are satisfied of thy capacity for the critical occasion in becoming our representative, among our enemies; whose malice breaking thro' the bounds of rectitude, when you make the required demand, may aim the blow of revenge and resolve thy destruction; which therefore know, all their united power can never affect: for providence though unseen, will be thy rock of defence, his left arm shall shield thee from the spear of thy adversaries, and his right hand will brandish the sword of vengeance before thee to their discomfiture.

Go

Go then, O faithful Uriel, strong in virtue and armed with goodness, and acquaint the rebellious Lucifer, that we are sensible of his execrable attempt to involve the Albans in rebellion; and what we knew we had power to frustrate, but divine justice requires that malignancy shall feel the scourge of correction: therefore in the name of angels and archangels, and Seraphiel their chief, demand faction to be given up, that according to his demerits he may undergo the inflictions of justice. But if they will not be obedient to the demand, assure them all, what they scorn to yield, we will take by force of arms. For we will pursue Faction through the atmosphere which he cannot penetrate, except he flies to the horrid regions of ever-burning Tartarus, and there for a certain time, we will chain him down in the most excruciating torments, from which no arm shall relieve him however potent, nor pity however merciful. He ended while Uriel bowed acquiescent, and all the powers of heaven rising from their thrones sublime, gave smiles of approbation.

Now

Now Uriel being graced with the ambassadoric crown of starry denotation, mounted a superb chariot, and with a band of angelic powers, the companions of his journey, flew towards the proud palace of the arch apostate. Before him the herald-spirit of speed, advanced and aloud proclaimed his appearance. Immediately Lucifer convoked his powers that were at hand, and gave notice of attendance to those who were scattered in the aerial regions, or as invisible spirits on earth were tempting the sons of men to evil, and tangling them with inextricable misfortunes, whose complications, no force or patience, however great, could unravel.

When the Seraphic ambassador arrived at the audience palace of Lucifer, he was received by a party of his peers, who least had lost their native glory, faint glimmerings of which still shone in a fairer exterior, tho' their once heavenly minds were overclouded with the mists of degeneracy, while the pride of false independence, appeared solicitous to give a varnish to their faded beauty. Yet in spite of the efforts of resolution, conscious

conscious grief of their lost state with the scorpion's sting, wounded their aching bosoms, when they beheld in the heavenly Uriel and his angelic friends, the beauty of goodness that held friendship with deity. They saw and pined their loss, while for a moment their outrageous passions, touched by a soft compunction were lulled to a serene calm, and the softer feelings to which their bosoms were unaccustomed.

But soon the hell within them began to boil. Fierce envy starting as from a baneful sleep, awakened desperate pride. Inveterate hatred at the head of secondary passions, the mob of the mind, put their fierce souls in a state of obduracy, else humble repentance would have softened their hearts, and in time might have rendered them fit objects of divine clemency. The severe arm of eternal justice, can never be arrested, but by humble remorse and renovating goodness. They alone have the privilege by virtue of the godlike Messiah, to carry the desire of penitential hearts to the throne of omnipotence, and bring the

the starry crown of pardon to offenders, which proves their passport from the regions of mercy, to the immortal gardens and glorious palaces of perpetual felicity.

O evil, why art thou suffered to exist? The creator to make his offspring capable of happiness, gave them free-will, else they must have been mere machines; but by possessing liberty of choice, the fault of disobedience lies in themselves: hence punishing a part, may become necessary to influence an immense whole, amidst millions of worlds. Happy the man who guides his actions by such a grand idea!

End of the ninth book.

B O O K

B O O K the T E N T H.

The A R G U M E N T.

Satan addressees himself to Uriel when he enters the palace of audience, and invites him to his party, but is rejected and answered. Uriel demands Faction, which Lucifer contemns, and defies his foes to battle. The demon of indolence requires Faction to go over and answer for himself. Faction gains the populace, and Lucifer defies Seraphiel. Then Uriel retires from the dark divan.

A T length Uriel was conducted in the consistory temple of Lucifer, who in a prodigious ebon throne, sat aloft, covered round by a depending canopy of dark clouds; but his extensive form, being encrusted as with sparkling diamonds, and receiving the sun's bright rays, he reflected a fearful glory, portentous as a comet blazing threats to a trembling world.

The chiefs of the fallen angels sat around him in smaller thrones, and the
tessellated

teffellated pavement of the vast amphitheatre, was crouded below with innumerable hosts of the infernal crew. When the angelic ambassador was conducted to the centre, raised on purpose before the imperial throne, the proud apostate thus bespoke him, at once to tempt and taunt him, and to exhibit his own undaunted resolution :—Uriel, welcome though a foe, he said, I wish I could greet thee by a better appellation, and call you by a nobler name, the friend of the free, not the slave of the slavish.

It is matter of astonishment to us, who know the sweets of noble independance, that such spirits as you, O Uriel, can be so in love with tyranny, as even to court bondage, and meet enchanted slavery half way. With open arms you receive her ignominious fetters, and bend the lordly neck to her mean debasing chains, when you have in your power the delightful remedy, to fly in the boundless garden of precious liberty, and be yourself a God.

But sure it must argue not only a servile disposition, dead to the taste of the best prerogative of gods, but the base
fear

fear of paltry cowardice, that has not magnanimity sufficient to expostulate with tyranny. You tremble at the idea of his loud bursting thunders, and dread the flash of his lightening, and therefore circle his pavilion, fall prostrate—O base degradation! before his throne, tune the sweet lyre and golden harp of harmony, and sing the flattering hymns of duteous humility.

Methinks, O ye immortal gods, I behold you flock around his pavilion, wait for his order, tremble at his frown, live in his smiles; and receiving his imperial commands, fly with the speed of lightning, down the vast deserts of darkness, humbly obedient to perform his will, and return with equal rapidity for fear of his chiding.

All this profusion of humility from prostrate obedience, may do well enough for the lower class: but my Uriel should know, that we are all by nature gods alike, and that a base subjection required by any one, be whom he will, is tyranny. The strongest thunder of heaven makes the God of heaven. Thus it is not only right, but a duty owing
to

to the dignity of your nature, to resist the spirit of monarchy, to assert your natural right, and gain immortal independance.

Come then, O sapient Uriel, to these stations, erected by the hardy sons of godlike liberty, who defie the tyrant and contemn his delusive joys, which forge the chains of dependance. If you fear his anger and tremble at his vengeance, we will be your protectors. We will save you from his dreadful displeasure, for he dares not attempt your punishment when he knows we are your guardians, remembering of old how we shook his throne. Come then, we will erect you a kingdom and make you a god. Thus he ended, and the infernals grinned applause.

Then Uriel stood up in the dignity of offended loyalty, and by the native brilliancy of unpolluted goodness, eclipsed the fictitious splendor of the proud apostate, and thus he delivered himself with graceful attitude. That you, Lucifer, should asperse the best of beings, and blaspheme the king of kings, is
so

so much your character, that prophetic expectation supposed it would run preface before your harangue, and be the prologue to your vaunting speech.

That dextrous volubility of tongue, that painting in expression, by which you darken truth, and give the colouring of resplendency to falsehood, shews that admirable talent which specifies you, for thou wast from the beginning the parent of deception, and now you stand unrivalled in the list of falsity—a glory indeed, which by me is unenvied! I forbear to mention the sacred name with thine, for a comparison would degrade what a vindication cannot exalt, his praise transcending the tongue of the most exalted archangel.

But as to your boast of liberty and contempt of our slavery, it is beneath refutation. To what wretched shifts art thou drove, O Lucifer, to gloss over thy dire rebellion, and to varnish thy degredation! You must surely think meanly of my discernment, to be cheated by a glow of words from lips estranged from truth. But should investigation penetrate the deep recesses of thy dark-

ened bosom, and keen judgment examine thy station, comparatively to the heavenly natures and the blest abodes, what would be the result but detestation on one part, and on the other, love and everlasting regard?

You invite me to be a god. Good God, that it should be possible for the deceiver, to deceive even himself! But it is the punishment of the liar to be caught in his own deceptions. The definition of God is perfect will and power to do good, with the possession of perfect happiness. But how can the reverse of this bear the glorious appellation? You possess will and power to do evil, with hatred of all goodness, and are miserable. What is this but a horrid devil? What art thou but the first of devils? Direful pre-eminence!

With an air of triumph, soothing to your fallen nature, you reproach the happy powers angelic, with servility, and speak blasphemously of the most benevolent of all beings as a tyrant. Villainy delights to dart the venom of spite on happiness, and finds relief in discharging its poison on goodness, still
burning

burning with malignant desire to render every thing as miserable as itself. This is the character of you, O Lucifer, and of wickedness.

But know, thou chief of rebels, the finest feelings of pleasure result from the sentiment, that we receive absolute happiness from the kind hand of perfection; and in performing spontaneous acts of gratitude to an almighty parent. Hail emperor of all universe, who for ever pours graciously in our bosoms, rivers of delight, who leads us with the gracious hand of benevolence in the ever-blooming gardens of pleasure, and who confirms us in the immortal palaces of felicity!

But as to your invitation, that requires no serious answer. What can you bestow on me in lieu of heavenly gratification? Excellent perversion of words. You pretend to give me independance—What a shame to the honesty of language, that the words liberty, freedom, and independance, should be profaned to the vilest purposes of selfishness, by the deceptious lips of rebellion, whose mouth, like the fell viper, and the en-

venomed snake, drops poison to the destruction of the credulous ear, that listens to the voice of such delusion.

I pity your weakness, in supposing I was like your miserable followers, to be cheated with pretences. Are you not banished from heavenly liberty? And imprisoned in bounds though at large? Are you not the slaves of tyrannic passion, every moment degrading yourself, while we grow exalted. By obedience gaining an innocent will, we give ourselves up to our purified inclinations, by which we are truly free and truly happy. But gratifying your vile propensities, you become an abomination to felicity.

Though it would be madness for me to become one of you, yet I invite you all to come over to us, by which you will relinquish misery, and at last may attain lost happiness. But the conditions must be perfect repentance, from thorough detestation of your former rebellion, with a renewal of your polluted nature, by a gradation towards goodness—and—at that the haughty irreclaimable apostate, starting up, cried—stop thy rash tongue, O Uriel, and declare thy

thy embassy, else I shall take disagreeable measures to quench thy arrogance.

Then Uriel replied, your measures I laugh at, and contemn your menace, but as we can no more harmonize than fire and water, I begin my office, and acquaint you in the name of the mighty Seraphiel, that your kingdom must be restrained. Contrary to his positive and repeated edicts, you have been striving to compass the destruction of Alba, by the most detested fiend of hell, squint-eyed Faction; who, to the cruelty of the blackest devil in Tartarus, joins the artful cunning of viperous insinuation, winding half round the heart of credulous discontent.

Therefore the armipotent Seraphiel demands that Faction be given up to the arm of justice, else superior power shall force him from the grasp of protection, and delivering him over to vengeance, will punish the disobedience of his abettors, to publish the power of providence. He ended with the gesture of resolution and the tone of firmness.

Immediately from among the lower class, deep murmurs buzzed like the

discordant hum of a nest of hornets, and at length became audible in the sounds of Faction and freedom for ever! The superior powers who had raised up Faction, to answer particular purposes, now finding him inconsequential, were dumb in his defence, and by their silence, proved their opinion. The prince of demons, unwilling his favourite should be deserted, thus first declared in his favour to overawe the rest, that he might bring over his enemies to his party.

As Faction he said has been labouring for public good, I take the sense of this assembly in the light of fellow-princes, linked together in one chain of mutual support by the ties of common welfare. Our kingdom subsists by our unanimity, the foundation of which is placed on the solid rock of unity, which if once rent asunder, the glorious fabrick of empire will be tumbled in direful ruination.

Therefore I declare as for us all, and bid thee, O slavish Uriel, announce it to the face of the scornful Seraphiel, that this arbitrary demand is an affront to the imperial dignity of our government; and so far from complying, I will stand
the

the worst of the delegate, and his tyrannic master, should they dare us to the etherial fields of battle, at the head of which Faction himself, who is an army, shall make them shrink by the force of his arms, as before he did by the contrivance of his judgment; and all the gods of hell in his support will arm immediately.

Head of a large party, the demon of indolence, moved from his commodious throne, more in the taste of ease than grandeur; and thus spoke the sentiments of his cabal, closely hemmed in by luxury, sensuality, opulence, and laziness. Is peace to be for ever banished these regions? Must discord always prevail? And can nothing but confusion suit the turbulent spirits of these domains, nought but the sound of battle, and the horrent clash arms detestable?

What the devil have we to do with tormenting mankind, tempting frail mortals, and turning them into devils? Why should we be the executioners of Jehovah, the hatred instruments of his justice, for which we even incur his displeasure. Therefore let Faction go and

answer for himself, if he has done contrary to the nature of our situation: and not involve ourselves in his quarrels, to the hazard of our kingdom. What have we to do with war, when we can so easily govern the world below, by the tranquillity of peace, the seduction of prosperity, and the excessive power of riches?

Satan's great mind indeed longs for devastation, he joys to hurl destructive thunderbolts amidst the lightnings flash, and to ride triumphant in the howlings of a terrible tempest. His glory is to thrust his monstrous shoulders beneath the deep foundations of a great metropolis, to up-heave its quaking basis, and jostling down palaces and temples, to bury the astonished inhabitants in promiscuous ruination! But they who alone reap these joys infernal, let them alone answer for the consequences. He ended and fell fatigued on his throne of easy softness.

Fire-eyed Faction sprung up direfully inspired. He rolled his baleful orbs oblique with squint disastrous, which shocked the very infernals, and thus spoke like the tone of a horn out of tune. Fled is our
antient

antient valour; instead of debating, we should have been urging the foe with glorious war. Give up Faction! Can it reach your ears without horror? And once heard, can you be tame auditors of the dire disgrace? Yes, you are all tame! Fallen indeed! How low!

Am not I your god of liberty? Did I not snatch you from the fangs of despotism? Did I not mount the breech the tyrant made in our freedom, and stand alone in the gap to defend you? By the ardours of a burning zeal for liberty, I dispossessed the enemy, gave you to conquer, and to know the sweets of sacred liberty: yet I, who have been your saviour, even me, you are going to deliver up to arbitrary power! Was ever any thing so horrible!

Not for myself, but public good, I require you in the name of the gods of hell, to assert yourselves, to call up your antient spirit, to vindicate your native courage, and wipe off the aspersions of disgrace, by an ardour of acting worthy your dignity. Let us to arms. Bid the loud trumpet sound. Draw from the nervous thigh of soldiery the sword of success.

cess. Brandish the spear of victory, and rear the shield of safeguard. Thus accoutered, let us rush boldly on the unprepared foe, and give him to understand we will not be slaves. Yes, lucky fate will give us to conquer. Away to arms, it is victory calls! I hear the voice of conquest responsive cry to arms! To arms! Sound the trumpets, beat the drums! And wave the royal standard!

He ended energetic; the populace cried to arms, and Lucifer encouraged the acclamation, which ended.—He said: go slave-hearted Uriel, and tell the tyrant what you have heard in the council of the gods. Tell him from me, that we defy all his power, and scorn his insolent demand, for we will never give up our best friend. We will stand in his defence, though Jehovah and all his slaves above should come on the same errand; and not only protecting our friend, we shall call the arrogant Seraphiel to account for his usurpations on our kingdom; for which purpose we will meet him amidst the tempest of thunder, lightning, and roaring winds, filled with ten-fold destruction. Away
and

and hurl this defiance in his teeth. He ended looking arch for the grin of applause. Then Uriel replied, as he unfurled the wings of rapidity. Know, ye Luciferian princes, that the obstinacy of the wicked, affords fresh triumphs for the good, for however evil sometimes prevails, to answer various purposes in the divine plan of nature; yet providence is over all his creation. Evil shall be the means of good to the obedient, but to the sons of disobedience, a perpetual scorpion of misery, in all the terror of prodigious example; to prove that God is perfectly good, the sure reward of virtue, and the just scourge of iniquity. He said, and flew swift-winged to the pavilion of Seraphiel, to whom in public he recapitulated the bold defiance of Lucifer.

End of the tenth Book.

BOOK the ELEVENTH.

The ARGUMENT.

Lucifer incites the demons rather than wait Seraphiel's army to attack him suddenly. Seraphiel acquainted of their approach is prepared to frustrate their intentions. Is driven from his palace, now ruined, but returns and punishes the demons in their own vast machine. He gives them to escape, but encloses Faction for public example. Satan and his imps strive to release him, but fail.

NOW the infernal powers, resolute to stand by their chief, prepared for desperate war, and thus fly Deception, with mingled craft and sedulity, proposed the means: let us retire, said he, into the dark regions of the northern pole, wait for the enemy, and harass him with continual skirmishes, till opportunity offers to overwhelm him in an unexpected hurricane.

To which the overbearing apostate cried aloud, Why retard that sudden
tem-

tempest, and not cover him with confusion before they are prepared? Let us fall on them as they loll supine on the lazy couch of indolence, and crush them to atoms. Go forth, ye storm-collecting demons. Away ye thunder-fabricating fiends to the deep den of desolation, break down the ten-fold barricade, till hell disembogues its monsters, led by horrid war to the proud pavilion of our common enemy; let us go, attack, and destroy. Choaked by passions, he said no more, while fury broiled in his bosom, fire sparkled from his furnace-like eyes, and smoak in black volumes issued from his terrific nostrils.

The demons having prepared all things for a sudden assault on Seraphiel and his angelic guards, darted high up the steep of earth's atmosphere, as near its verge as they could, compatibly with its rarification; for it grows dense in proportion to its approach of the terrene planet, which it wraps like a fleecy mantle, and serves to innumerable purposes, the great store-house of meteors, useful and terrible; at once the region of life and death to mortals.

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When they gained the limits marked by nature for a boundary, the demons compacted in a body, more incessantly to work, engine like, the intended destructions ; now gathered together all their prodigious stores of thunder-bolts, fire-balls, and hurricanes, and wove them round about themselves, till they formed an immense magazine-machine, stored with diabolic vengeance unutterably horrid, darker than Erebus, and threatening to disgorge every moment its hellish devastations.

As they floated along towards Sera-
phiel, like a globy mountain of black
clouds, his guards flying towards the
pavilion, anxiously declared their appre-
hensions of the diabolic crew. Sera-
phiel reclined on the silken couch of
happy repose, serenely calm as the com-
posed surface of a glossy lake, whose
undimpled aspect presents a polished mir-
ror, wide spreading beneath its shrub-
implanted banks, as the chearful sun
gilds the smiling scene, and inspires
universal tranquillity. The great sub-
stitute divined their infernal intentions,
and though unagitated with the fear of
con-

consequences, yet with a celerity of invention inspired by a clear head, not sullied by the fumes of a polluted heart, he like a god had within himself the happy means of frustration. Then he said, fear nothing, we have for our guard an almighty providence.

Now the buoyant island of devastation, guided by the infernal host, as the fit souls of such an enormous body, hung for some time its unweildy cloud over the palace of Seraphiel. While he conversed with sweet composure among his angelic peers, the impending hell kept sinking by degrees portentous as a comet. Then growing upon visibility it darkened the face of day, which started aside, and nature felt uncommon horrors.

But all of a sudden was heard a dreadful crack, loud rebellowing through the startled clouds, as of a bursting world. Immediately millions of fire-ball, like the sun for heat and bigness, fell down with mingled thunder-explosions and hail stones enormous, upon the residence of Seraphiel ; still urged by reiterated spite, which mocked resistance, and split
the

the elegant palace and all its noble pavilions asunder. Down tumbled pillars, cupulas, domes, archades, and superb porticos into inexplicable ruination. Then they made an attempt to seize the seraphic chief and his angelic guards; but the triumph of malice was prevented by superior power, and the angelic princes softly retired from among the ruins.

Now with exultations, the Tartarian crew quitted their infernal fire-ship of destruction, and took possession of the remains of Seraphiel's palace. Pride swelling in the bosom of elated Lucifer, he mounted a throne, and signified to his sycophants, a desire of being acknowledged the god of victory. Immediately the flatterers fell prostrate before him, and the half-ruined hall resounded with acclamations to the satanic god of victory. Hymns of praise chanted to his intoxicated ear, an immortal conqueror, who had subdued the heavens, while excessive preparations were making for the rejoicings of festivity and the parade of triumphant processions.

Meantime Seraphiel was not idle. He had long foreseen their folly, and had planned

planned a punishment for their arrogance. Putting forth that virtue, with which he was endowed from above, he collected, as in one reservoir, all the windy powers elastic, whose strength properly enforced, becomes irresistible throughout all nature.

Now while the diabolic powers were exulting in the pride of conquest, Seraphiel melted the thin clouds above and beneath them, which fell on the earth in violent showers, and the demons took to their cloud-formed fortrefs. At that, the howling winds, as commanded, rushed forth like tygers roaring amidst a herd of oxen. With headlong velocity they blew back their own raging fire-balls upon the demons, singed them red-hissing with their own piercing lightning, and with their own tempestive hurricanes, and their new formed thunder-bolts, dreadfully scorched and cut them gash after gash to their inmost souls; till they groaned with excessive agony and terrification.

Then the godlike substitute growing in bulk, to the grandeur of his vast intention, moulded the floating Tartarus,

that contained the cruel monsters, and giving it a globular form which they could not burst, erected a horrid dungeon, whose dreadful tenebrosity, and whose immense tortures, denying the pencil of delineation, punished them with unutterable misery, as it rolled conspicuous before the angelic host; who sang the praise of providence, that punishes evil and rewards obedience.

At length Seraphiel, whose bosom felt the soft touches of mercy, opened a door for their escape, and out they flew howling, terribly wounded, harrassed, and miserably crest fallen. They stole away like a vast flock of crows from a field, whose seedy grain, the expectation of the farmer, they had half devoured, when armed with vengeful power, he comes meditating deep revenge beneath the quickset hedge,

Dire Faction, the fatal cause of all this disturbance, black of wing, skulked among the rest; but trembling, he felt himself seized by the nervous arm of prevention, from whose potent grasp nothing could arrest him. Immediately the devoted culprit was brought before
Seraphiel

Seraphiel, who sat his judge, and thus spoke amidst his angelic peers.

There needs not, O Faction, any witness to prove you the identical demon, that vengeance has long marked for punishment.—For you are stigmatised with an indelible brand, legible to most by the air of your countenance, and look askew. Therefore I have little more than to pronounce your sentence from the lips of justice.

Such vile beings as you, O Faction, are often suffered by divine permission, for the probation and chastisement of human creatures; and when you presume to overact the permitted licence granted by a wise providence, and will follow the corrupt bent of your diabolic natures, the evil you intend shall fall on your own unrighteous heads.

You Faction are a most execrable being. You joy in setting a king and his people at variance, you introduce terrific rebellion; then you pamper horrid massacre with carnage, and fix detested tyranny on a throne, that taking root, is supported by well-paid time servers, slavish sycophants, and bribed-over nobles,

bought by the wages of prostitution, duped by the pomp of titles, or frightened by arbitrary force; till fair liberty is banished the land, and equitable monarchy has no chance for restoration.

Hence you shall feel the weight of displeasure from an offended superior, lest evil should presume too far; and to make an example to deter the disobedient. Thus every earthly prince, who is not a foe to freedom, ought to mark the bold traitor, who endeavours to alienate the hearts of his subjects, under the cloak of liberty. 'Tis a duty which he owes to himself, his kingdom, and creator, to seize and bring him to condign punishment, whenever he offends the laws; and to make him an example to posterity: for there can be no national evil more destructive in its consequences than bold republican Faction, the brother of Sedition, and sire of Rebellion.

Therefore I pronounce this unalterable sentence, that you, O Faction, be manacled with chains of adamant, and thrown into the dungeon you formed in foolish hope to overwhelm us with ruination

ination. But first let this sphere be contracted, that rolling about by the blasts of every wind, he becomes a public example, from which none shall release him.

He said, and strait the officers of justice seize the dire caitif, and dragging him to the now opening sphere, hurled him headlong in the dreary gulf, and closing it upon the affrighted wretch, doubly steeled its extremities preventing all escape. As when after his first rebellion with rout horrific, he was thrust into the fiery dungeon of ever-burning Tartarus.

This way and that now rolls the dismal globe opake, tost by the winds from cloud to cloud, ever and anon reflecting the broad rays of Phœbus, a more conspicuous memorial of disobedience punished. Satan and his angry crew oft rush against the ten-fold barricade, that shuts in the howling culprit, but when they approach its sounding sides, deep thunders threaten inward, and thro' the pores, issue deep penetrating fires, that drive them off, and frustrate their attempts. So when the great apostate Julian, in utter hatred of the beneficent

Messiah, put his predictions to the test in hopes to overturn his kingdom among mankind. The apostate, being lord of half the world, resolved on the interdicted spot to build a temple, erect a city, and established a government; but tho' every human means were employed for their completion, all came to nought. A particular providence clear to all eyes that did not wink at truth, counteracted the folly of pride, and vindicated the Messiah. Till the workmen desisted, fiery eruptions dreadfully broke from the deep foundations, so frequent and dangerous, that in spite of the most obstinate incredulity, they were obliged to cease from their impious designs; and they retired oppressed and covered with ten-fold confusion.

End of the eleventh Book.

BOOK the TWELFTH.

The ARGUMENT.

Seraphiel restores peace, plenty, and pleasure to Alba. Zenobia is blest with happiness, who strews pleasure in all her paths. Pasquint is tormented by anxiety. He is the tool, though unwillingly, of those he reviles, who play him off, and instead of becoming an evil to Alba, proves a good in the hands of wisdom, who by him amuse the restless minds of the Albans, and prevent them from being drawn into a continental war. Faction languishes, and Pasquint is expelled the senate.

THOUGH the giddy and the trifling cannot perceive the hand of providence, which directs terrene affairs, and the voluptuous will not from a habitude of guilt; and though evil often abounds, to answer great purposes in the scale of beings; yet the creator presiding over his own works, in a particular manner superintends every kingdom

dom of the globe, either by himself or his ministers; nor suffers chance, accident, or fortune to usurp the province of supernal wisdom; while nature cries aloud, the future shall rectify the perplexities of the present.

Thus Seraphiel asserted his kingdom and punished the person of Faction. Songs of triumph resounded to providence, gaily jubilant with the golden harp of concord, seated at the banquet of social Love; Seraphiel gave sweetly-smiling peace dominion over Alba, and joined with her the ever-loved power prosperity; who from golden cornucopiæ scatters with hand profuse desired plenty, while firm-refraining virtue, with curved arm and nervous knee, keeps back too pressing luxury in glittering robes, and delicious voluptuousness, who love to mingle with the great, the rich, and prosperous sons of mortality.

Thus too, infernal party was conquered through all its hundred shapes, by Britannicus like another Hercules, and the noble Zenobia, and now is utterly demolished: after it had raged so many
years

years in Alba, and threatened its dissolution.

The ever-prudent Zenobia, having thus compleated the great work, in the total ruin of the old many-headed monster party, scattered all its destructive abettors, and finished the beneficial plan of her dearest lord Alfred ; sat down with satisfaction at the idea of her rectitude of intention, and the success of her virtuous endeavours ; which struggled thro' amaging perplexities, interwoven by the polluted hand of mercenary self-interest, and tangled by obstinate opposition, the tool of political craft.

However Faction, at the head of petulant party, with the scorpion's fury, and the poison of asps beneath his bloated tongue ; with every inveterate passion that stains and actuates the human heart ; were let loose to scandalize her before unblemished character : However concealed villainy stabbed her honour in the dark, or avowed brutality attacked her sacred virtue in public, and strove with a banditto's barbarity to murder and mangle her exemplar reputation, with the inveterate dagger of lying falsehood,
under

under shelter of popular animosity ; yet the consciousness arising in her honest bosom of an upright intention, and the knowledge of its completion, with the concurring favour of heaven, gave to her heart that peaceful serenity, that harmony of agreeable thinking, which no malice however concealed, no spite however avowed, nor cruelty however offered could destroy ; and which nothing could assure, but an approving providence.

What were of this the pleasing effects ? While the unruly multitude like a stormy ocean, beneath the fury of a tempest, were raging against her with violent, but wrong passions, and belching their foolishly unjust invectives ; she was calm as the pacific ocean, whose glossy bosom no rude gale is said to deform. Prosperity awaiting her in town, ever gives her to enjoy rational grandeur and hospitable abundance ; and when she seeks her lovely retreat in the country, rural elegance strews her paths with floriferous embroidery, fills the fresh air with fragrances and with delicious tranquillity, decks the gayly-templed

templed scene of taste; where the reposes in heaven-directed meditation, or receives the blooming offspring of the blest Britannicus, who is shielded by the universal goodness of his heart, and by the powers divine protected.

Far different passes the anxious hours of deserted Pasquint, who is forsaken by the very demons, and left to his vitiated heart. Instead of kissing the mild rod of punishment he so richly deserves, and which his crimes and folly brought on his unrighteous head; like rebellious Lucifer expelled from heaven, now expelled from the senate he bites his chain, and meditates vain revenge. Dreadful passions irritate his baleful bosom. He threatens vengeance on all his betters, who ashamed of a scandalous vile connexion, and a pretended cause, where liberty was not, nor is in any danger, disown him; while nothing but a rabble, and a mean interested disgusted place-seeking low gentry, support him: yet they confess they despise him, in the principal part of a character, his principles; strange inconsistency!

But

But as the pernicious Pasquint can never rise into national office, or of profit or honour, nor can gain his ambitious ends by his clamourous popularity, and his inflammatory writings; so the government itself will not let him sink into his natural nothingness. As he has been a tool of discontents against them, they will make him as long as they can keep the ball up, the tool of ministerial policy; that the Alban spleen may evaporate in the flatulency of windy words, instead of more pernicious actions, while their attention is carried off from particular objects.

The Albans are a desperate people. The gloomy cloud-enveloped climate they inhabit, the gross nutriment they eat and drink, the unparalleled degree of freedom they naturally possess in such an amazing metropolis, give them an air of turbulence and thoughtful discontent. Their passions thus nourished and unrestrained, they are too violent often in wrong causes. But from their temper naturally melancholy, a thousand grand qualities and good dispositions arise in
virtue

virtue, religion, and heroism, in which they are by none excelled.

Hence it is a good maxim in politics every year or two, to devote some story, person, or incident, that may be set up to exercise the Alban spirit of party; for let it be of ever so little consequence, so one person takes the lead with vehemence, another inflamed with the spirit of contradiction, will take the other side, till the whole nation is agitated in a strange theme, full of perplexity.

Then the inky champions will start up, brandishing the pen of fiery defence, a violent paper war will ensue, the press will groan with pamphlets. Coffee-houses will ring with repeated explications. News-papers will swell out enormous accounts, suited to the narrow genius of news-mongers, tea-tables will resound with opposing parties of hairy diademed ladies, and the pulpit discourse will be tinctured with the unmeaning topic, till it is worn threadbare; and then all will suddenly melt away, like the fancy-formed workmanship of a night's dream, into the deep abyfs of oblivion, and be no more remembered: friends
will

will shake hands, and laugh at their foolish dissensions.

Thus the words girl, gypsy, bread and water, and a week's confinement huddled together, shall make an incoherent story, that for a year together shall stop the attention of millions of people, and deeply interest many thousands; shall make some opposers odious, and raise popular commotions. Party shall rage against party with the most malignant, and inveterate revenge, tho' no party knows about what they are quarrelling! Full of dissention, the Albans are dupes to passion, and the slaves of prejudice.

To amuse the busy mind, and turn the keen edge of angry discontent, an allegorical wolf may be sent in a forest drest with horror. For months together he may devour children, and two old women; baffle the resolute peasant, and spread terror all around, till his career is run as far as credulity can follow, and becomes tired and vexed; then a valourous person may attack, the monster kill, and be hailed with songs of triumph sweet sounding to the voice of fame's silver trumpet.

And to shew how insatiate curiosity, and fiery party will swallow the most palpable absurdity, conjure up but a scratching ghost in a lane, knocking against a wainscoat, and all the world shall be alarmed ! The restless, the lazy, the officious, the tale-teller, and the wonder-loving idler, shall with avidity gape at the relation: emptying their but too vacant heads of other ideas, they shall open room for that, and revolving it in their minds, shall make it an important point of belief. As it will be pleasing to their ambition to bring another over to their opinion, so to dissent from them, though in a trifle, will render them implacable enemies ; till to gratify the spite of revenge, they will at last become persecutors, or die martyrs in a cause the most ridiculous. Thus too let plausible falsehood cry liberty is in danger, and the people will be alarmed like a neighbourhood, when at midnight they hear the cry of fire.

Alba being the greatest emporium of liberty in the world, and where the greatest villains find the shelter of an asylum,

asylum, it is pestered with the jesuitical scum of the earth. It swarms with licentious libertines, haters of order, impoverished prodigals, ruined desperadoes, and demon-hearted atheists, who hoping to reap benefit from popular disturbance, after belching their impieties against deity, they disembogue their inveterate spite, envy, and and anger, against his substitute and his ministers ; often drawing in, the unwary by their plausible pretences, and staggering the unprepared by the force of their cogent artifice, though the judicious and the worthy, condemn their vile devices.

Thus the politic raised up the delusive Pasquint to serve peculiar purposes, which answered they deserted him. But finding he had gained some degree of popularity, he set up for himself to mend his shattered fortune, by duping the people as the great had duped him. Not finding his end answered by his attack on the minister, he fell foul of the king himself ; and though the ministry never intended any encroachment on the freedom of the people ; by a hasty step a most intolerable outcry was raised, and an
atheist

atheist himself, he was joined by the whole unprincipled tribe, who if possible would overthrow all the useful decencies of order, demolish all government, and establish universal libertinism ; and was supported by the clamours of a giddy vulgar, who made threatening disturbances to the terror of the metropolis, till the magistrates found it necessary at the hazard of their lives to call in the military, at a day marked for Faction by the intoxicated multitude ; some of which became the victims of offended justice, by their own folly, which served to disperse what no other power could manage, and what grew dreadful to the individuals of the great metropolis, the chief magistrate of which was often insulted. Thus was quelled a lawless rabble, from whom every fatal consequence was to be feared to the nation, now freed from the terrors of apprehension and restored to peace, while their chief suffers imprisonment.

But when party becomes tired of him as a threadbare subject : When the court itself has played him off, and and he is kicked about as the football

of self interest till he is flaccid, the turgid swelling of his pride reduced to humility, and they want to get rid of him as a troublesome object; he may perhaps, according as he grows obedient or refractory, be huddled in a trifling place, or feel the vengeance of long affronted justice: and after suffering the punishment due to his crimes, be buried deep in in the gulf of oblivion, as he now is branded with the name of dangerous criminal in the scroll of infamy.

If we take a short review of the party who made such a stir for their champion, the cats-paw of a few; mark the colour of their conduct, and the tenor of their language, we shall find that Faction filled them with enthusiastic fury.

This is manifest by the torrent of abuse, which they have poured from their defiled lips against the government, loading every news-paper with the scurrilous invectives of falshood, against the most sacred characters, in the most inflammatory language.

Their conduct has ever been of a piece with their expressions, violent, positive

sive, and turbulent, which seemed more calculated to widen a breach, than cement reciprocal regard. They hurled the bold menace, and dictated measures to sovereign authority without the least veil of decorum, which plainly prove, that they meant not to heal, but corrode the wounds their licentiousness made in the bosom of public tranquillity.

Can it be supposed that injured majesty, as tacitly confessing itself culpable, would tamely bear the most stinging insults against his parent and himself, and after repeated trials of patience never shew the least resentment? And that all his noble servants, would cowardly fly away from all defence, and give him up to be worried by the canaille?

No, thanks to the powers above, the kingdom is not drove to such a dreadful situation, as to be governed by any mob, that under false pretences shall disturb the legislature! Though gentle forbearances actuates the royal breast, yet majesty bears not the sword in vain, which drawn by justice, shall protect the good, and terrify the wicked, till

wonted peace and unanimity be happily restored.

But may every seasonable admonition have its effect. ‘ Factionous men, who
‘ have been disappointed in their schemes
‘ of interest or ambition, will be forward to inflame a spirit of licentiousness, and, under a pretence of redressing the abuses of administration, destroy the very essence of the constitution; whereby they become themselves the victims of their own mischievous and narrow policy. But the real friends of their country, who act from public-spirited motives, will not alarm the people on every slight imperfection they discover, nor on every personal discontent; they will not enrage the multitude by unmeaning rant and common placed declamations on liberty, when they are not conscious of any real danger, but they will reserve their influence to protect the constitution, when any attempts are made to violate its fundamental principles. The authors of vain alarms are the greatest enemies to liberty, an inestimable blessing which, like many others, may be lost, or at least injured, by our being over-anxious for its
‘ preservation.

‘ preservation. The scripture has said,
‘ —Be not righteous over much.’ And
‘ if this caution is necessary in religi-
‘ on, it is surely as much, if not more
‘ so, in politics*’.

But know and tremble, O thou Pas-
quint, that heaven whom thy blasphemy
boldly contemned, has still in store for
thee invisible vengeance, red with uncom-
mon wrath, to blast the factious wretch,
that out of wickedness assaults his sove-
reign’s fame, strives to set the people in
commotion, and alienate the subjects
affection from their lawful prince.

Thus, when providence suffers the
enemy of man to go forth, the execu-
tioner of divine justice, on a guilty peo-
ple who had offended against the repeat-
ed calls of mercy; when he has fulfilled
the chastisement, proper to reclaim the
sons of disobedience, and established fair
virtue among the children of care; then
throwing by the detested instrument,
the supreme Lord of all nature consi-
ders the evils he inflicted on mortals as
his own act; and for example delivers
him over to the tormentor.

* Monthly Review, May, P. 363.

THE
FORTYFIVEAD,
A BURLESQUE POEM.

T H E

F O R T Y F I V E A D,

A B U R L E S Q U E P O E M :

To the K—— himself.

F All'n is the cause, and fall'n the mighty man;
Who diving naked down vast danger's gulf,
Amidst th' applauding vulgar great and small,
Drag'd up dissembled Freedom by his locks,
Who roaring Magna-farta Forty-five!
Awak'd Rebellion and the sons of want.
But shall the victors now the hero's down,
Laugh us to scorn---and none assert our fame?

Yes, by the Gods in spite of fear, I'll draw
The lowest of the Fortyfivean race,
To shew by parity of reasoning
How high the highest. Stop me not---let go —
My pen-hand —for was hell's profound to gape,
While from its dreadful yawn I saw disgorg'd,
Ten-thousand Wilkites in a cloud of smoke;
I'd write such things as ne'er were wrote before,
Astonish Glynn, and rouse fierce Chirchill's ghost!

With head and shoulders fit to hold the globe,
A Fortifivian now my pen demands,
Struggling with fate and curst by indigence;
Oh! aid me godlike liberty that I
May soar superior in an orb of fame,
While crouds gaze at me as a rising star:

But

232 THE FORTYFIVEAD.

But if my words like daggers on the 'cause
Rebounds, it is the God not I that speaks;
Faithful I but record what he indites.

Saw---ge and Town-----d O my patrons prove.
Like Macbeth's witches with prophetic voices
I hail you more than sher---fs,---kings of Lud!
And see you wriggled in departments rich,
By self-designing popularity!

With wig awry, and hurry-flurry air,
Behold what crazy thing is that? Who like
A pair of BELLOWS blows up party rage!
'Tis rattling---But pray which is he most,
A silly fellow, or an addle-pate?

Why faith I think he 's more a k--- than fool!

Now let us hurry in the midst of things—
Downfell the Scot--but stay--Who knock'd him down?
Why faction form'd of thousands—and of him,
Who said by nature for a villain mark'd,
Is nick-nam'd Squint with Cylop eye. Not him
I chuse—for he 's above a mortal's scope,
As none but devils can a devil a paint;
Nor Party—for his triumphs are too great,
When mobs prodigious cluster'd round his car,
And shook the city with their huzzas loud:
But a poor author, literally poor
In purse and genius is my doughty theme.

Thus when for darting venom at the king,
Squint lost that freedom which he swore he found,
Up-started from the purlieus of Saint Giles,
From den-like allies all with dirt begrim'd;
Foul to the eye and noxious to the nose,
A host of authors, ghastly, poor, and lean:
Then disembogu'd by Faction, swift they rush'd

Amidst

Amidst the city ; —still for fat'ning beef
 And heart'ning porter very much in vogue ;
 And there they batton'd and they cloath'd their backs,
 Strutting conspicuous with a powder'd pride,
 Before low buried in a drear unknown.

So in an unfrequented wilderness,
 Armies of locusts breed, and hunger led
 They sally forth, grow fat, and settle round
 Regardless of the evil which they spread,
 Nor think of fate till whirlwinds sweep them off,
 And all things re-assume their wonted plight.

As when of old from Egypt, Israel found
 A plenteous Canaan flowing with delight ;
 So here the Wilkites gain'd a promis'd land,
 Flowing with porter long by hope foretold.
 See to yon tabernacle how they flock,
 Styl'd oft a coffee-house, replete with crouds
 Greedy of news, and gaping wide for lies ;
 Hark in the croud a false diviner speaks,
 And thus the prophecy of folly vents.

Now glorious times are coming on he cries ;
 Great Squint for bawdy and for vice renown'd,
 Join'd with his grim colleague dark Gl—n,
 Shall both the grand judicial benches fill,
 In that hall where rebellion doom'd a king.
 And now ye factious and ye whores rejoice,
 For your protectors they will ever prove,
 Empty the prisons and the brothels fill.

And as in law so in religion too
 A wondrous change shall come—for levite H—n,
 Th' insipid and the prig for party fam'd,
 Deep in the see —O save his precious hair !
 Of C—nterbury shall be thrown—and then,

Aided

234 THE FORTYFIVE A.D.

Aided by holy Squint the learing saint,
Vice, irreligion, and debauch'd delight,
Shall flourish midst the nuns of Drury gay,
And fill the world with sweet voluptuousness.

And O, ye drunken sons of liberty
Who scorn restraint rejoice, you shall be free,
Do as you please—be idle—rant and whore ;
For great Sir Joe will turn prime minister :
Then gin and hog meat shall be wondrous cheap,
And by his wisdom deep as hell's abyfs,
Not only earth but he shall sway the clouds,
Alter the seasons, pull ev'n Jove by his beard ;
And like himself ennoble plough-boys stout,
Make tinkers lords, and coblers ministers of state !—
More would the seer have said, but duns in view
Mar the prediction and his fury stop.

Thus folly gave prosperity and joy
The sons of Faction in their paths to lead
And rear Titanic hands against the gods,
—But alteration how deplorable !
How dost thou cruel fate with mortals sport,
And force dull blockheads to set up for wits,
For politicians—state-reforming fools ;
That have not sense their own affairs to guide !
And thou, capritious fortune, be accurs'd,
For raising authors but to hurl them down
The craggy precipice of glorious fame ;
And sinking dash them in oblivion deep !

Thus garretteers inspir'd by thee—oft took
Apollo's quill, defensive of a man
To draw him like a god, sweet freedom's friend ;
Who scarcely human seems a devil flesh'd !
Fit idol for the scum of earth t' adore !

By

By Faction favour'd O what crowns thy wrung,
From the close pockets of booksellers keen ;
While from a garbage-loving party fierce
They drew, loud sounding fame and sweet applause,
When at the punch-house met and full of glee,
The bumper sparkling with nectareous juice,
They read North Britons hunting down the court ;
Trampled on kings, and triumph'd o'er the Scot !

But now th' ungrateful people whom they sav'd
From bondage —ruin—and the Lord knows what !
Skip o'er with scornful eye and cold neglect
Their labours—frigidly political !
And swear they're fraught with nonsense and with lies :
While the dire ills they long foretold would fall
On them—now on their own heads fall ! The wig
That grac'd the head of politician shrew'd,
Now like a cauliflower that's run to seed,
Its texture loses, and it mourns the loss
Of powder —stranger to the comb—and lank—
Or only comb'd by puffy's playful paw,
Shewing to Rag-fair near analogy:
And dangerous if it's seed-time to be left
Near cruel farmers, who too oft purloin
The caxon rough, to fright pea-stealing rooks,
When on the head of scare-crow oddity,
Sideways it hangs preposterous queer and droll.

The glossy coat that emulated silk,
The pride and glory of his joyous hours,
Which gave him rank with brother poets gay,
And prov'd a passport to the friendly board
Of tradesmen opulent, and gent polite ;
Now shorn of nap by time's destructive shears,
And faded pale—its threadbare ribs betrays ;

Shrinks

236 THE FORTYFIVE A D.

Shrinks to the back—and shuns th' oldcloathman's-
bag,

When dolefully he cries—old cloaths to sell !

That suit the Fortyfivean on the strength,
Of late success—worm'd from the shop of Twist,
With such prevailing elocution sweet,
As melted down the taylor's iron heart,
Open'd his hold-fast-hand, and lull'd that soul,
Whose confidence deceiv'd—abhor'd the name of Trust!

So when great Cæsar on his throne of state,
The judge of pale Ligarius sat; resolv'd
Within himself the culprit not to spare;
Forth Tully came th' immortal orator,
And with the thunder of his eloquence,
His voice assuasive, and his accents sweet,
He wav'd his purpose, and so shook his soul,
That he forgot revenge, his anger lost,
And gave persuasion what no arms could force !

But ah ! the mystic number, which so long
Had fed the hungry, and the naked cloath'd ;
And sounding o'er the jovial bowl of punch
Was harmony divine—strange fate in things,
And alteration dire—to discord turns !
When the fat hostess mercilefs and sharp,
And loud as thunder, and as dreadful too,
Points to the score tremendous and declares,
Gingling the shillings in her pocket wide,
The tote is FORTY FIVE ! As when on deck
The pale marine, starts trembling at the burst
Of thunder, from black clouds that vomit fire ;
And tost by surges finds the bulging ship
Dash'd on a yawning rock ! Or as the wretch
That had in human gore his hands imbru'd,

And

And full of horror, flying from the scene
Which saw him do the deed, he shelter seeks
Beneath the roof where lurks a jail-bird fly,
Who as he enters cries—stop murderer stop
And his arm seizes ! So the author stares,
When to his lips a scurvy pint deny'd
He hears himself accus'd of debts, with joy
Contracted, but replete with future pangs !

Now to himself he cries—Fate do thy worst,
In walls immure me, and my freedom seize,
'Tis what my hero's forc'd to undergo.---
Methinks I see him frantick on the floor,
Cursing his motley friends, who in the lurch
Have left him, and betray'd his confidence.
He spares not heav'n though heav'n he disbelieves !
And hell invoking, though he laughs at hell,
He rolls his eye-balls, and he threatens the globe !
Oh may he keep his senses !—for I fear
Unhung by hangmen he may hang himself !
Ye turnkeys watch his garters, and be sure
No ropes ill-omen'd near his person come.
Yet he may freedom gain—but as for me,
Fate sets a bar to hope, and calls me slave
Doom'd to a prison with a load of debts !

No more must I on nature's verdant lap
My limbs indulgent spread, reclining gay
Beside the gurgling stream, while Zephyrs bland,
O'er fragrant meadows shake impurpled wings !
No more from sultry noon in cool green shades,
Where contemplation loves to stray unseen,
An elegant retreat from cities gain ;
While stor'd with fragrance, and replete with health,
The whispering breeze the waving branches fans,

Freshens

238 THE FORTYFIVE AD.

Freshens the grove, and modulates the heart
To rural bliss and true felicity :
Still render'd more delicious if enjoyed,
With some dear virgin whom the heart adores !

No more with borrow'd sword a figure make,
Next brother poets in the coffee-room,
And with an air decide in politics :
Nor in the pit before an author pale
A critic stare, and damn his envy'd play.
But Fate I ask thee—tell me is this right ?
Yes Faction grinning cries—'tis very right !
For those we punish whom we first seduc'd.
Uncertain where to go, and vex'd at heart,
He quits the alewife and attempts the strand ;
The lamps half twinkling and the night all dark :
But horribly aghast, and starting back
From B-ngley's door, that cave of monsters drear,
He stands in attitudes of vast surprise ;
Like Macbeth in the scene who kill'd the king,
And gave him five and forty spiteful blows !

What cause terrific—Oh there is a cause—
Conscience—the ghost of murder'd honour brings !
And hark —she cries—ah villain unprovok'd,
From hell-born motives you and all your tribe,
Stab'd in the dark a royal character,
Sacred to matron elegance refin'd :
Which always prov'd in ev'ry state of life,
A worthy pattern for th' admiring world.
How oft the noble matron you aspers'd !
And sent reproach her envy'd fame to taint,
With all the hell-hounds of fierce infamy,
To wound her honour, and defile her name !

For

For which uncommon vengeance thee pursues,
 And thou shalt find thy punishment in gifts.
 Fell poverty shall cloath thy nakedness.
 How? —Why with rags—Thy hungry stomach feed.
 That's well—but how? With bread and small beer
 poor—

And rent-free she shall house thee.—Aye! but how
 I pray? Why safe in ev'ry jail my boy!
 Thus never wanting thou shalt be in want!
 Starting he cries—ah do not glare at me
 Thy horrid eyes?—But look she's vanished—gone—

His nervous system woefully relaxed,
 With war intestine now his bowels roar,
 So vast the peristaltic motion proves;
 And now come home the civil broils he lov'd.
 The sympathetic air attests his fright,
 And Zephyr startled seeks the flow'ry field:
 While loud night-walkers blameless night-men blame.

Thus himself tastes the fears he gave to fools,
 When like a lying prophet for a crown,
 Which printers for a well-wrote letter paid,
 He oft foretold the state would be undone,
 Devour'd by monsters; and by tyrants scourg'd!
 But the prediction on his head rebounds,
 Threatens his fall—and leaves the realm to peace!
 Fertile in imaging his flighty soul,
 As dull to judgment as to genius dead,
 Despising kings, turns traitor to itself,
 And conjures shoulder-tapping fierce bum-bailiffs,
 Snake-hair'd like gorgons, threatening durance vile,
 And freedom's loss, on which so long he bawl'd,
 Wrote, quarrel'd, swore, and ly'd, and damn'd him-
 self!

Where

240 THE FORTYFIVEAD.

Where shall he go for comfort? Where from duns
Hide his ill-fated head? For pleasure cries
I am no friend of thine! See there he creeps —
He turns yon alley —and with cautious feet
Ascends his garret. Hark! what sounds are those!
He hears his children scream! His soul shrinks down
Foreboding vast disasters, while he gains
Th' apartment—scene of former joys long lost,
But now confusion's ever dusky seat!

His wife so late the solace of his breast,
Who met him smiling when his works went off,
Stroak'd his plump cheek, and coax'd the golden spoil;
Now with a frown demands —Well have you sold
Your patriotic poems on the praise
Of Squint?—And —what the deuce now is his name?
The tall big staring man that wears a star?
And--thing--um--ee--the knight who deals in hogs?
Have the booksellers haggled at the price?
Pray heav'n they're sold, and that you've got the cash!
Alas the baker's very clamorous;
And mark—the chandler's shop denies me tick!

Patience he answers—these bookfelling knaves
Will not come down a guinea, for they've got
Perdition seize their avaritious fobs!
No feelings for the offspring of the muse,
Shudder at verse —and swear that's worse and worse!
Such wicked wits, and punsters are the rich,
To laugh at merit in a tatter'd coat,
Who self-important scorns the asses dull!
Nay in the papers they refuse to print
My noblest work—O times! —without they're paid,
To such a mercenary pass the world
Arrives! With hasty strides fast ruin comes —

--On

—On us you puppy soon the dame replies.

And hear me, while I thus adjure you by
The sacred names of children, and of wife,
With hunger pinch'd—to quit that curfed Squint:
For in his evil eye misfortune glares,
When like a gorgon horribly askew,
Grinning he stares two ways at once;
Curdles the blood, and turns the heart to stone!

His ev'ry look prognosticates ill-luck;
And they who hapless in a morning meet
The fiend, shall disappointment know all day;
For in myself I've found it verif'd,
When shuddering at th' eccentric orb, I gaz'd,
And fascinated, curs'd the eye oblique!
Thus last election my best gown I pledg'd
Which for redemption mourns in deep despair!
That you might hire the horse they would not lend;
Which threw you down, your new coat spoil'd, and tore
The index of your soul—your rueful face!

Then think no more of our detested foe.
Our foe I say—for he's a foe that starves us!
Not one good dinner have we had this month,
Our cloaths are tatter'd, and our brats appear
The pale-fac'd progeny of want! But Oh!
Swift moving with a thousand terrors stor'd,
Futurity approaches like a coming storm;
Forfake him then or be by heav'n forfok!

What me give up the cause! Desert the man
Who standing in the gap—old Inglun sav'd?
He cry'd—and struck his pen-hand o'er his breast;
His breast which labour'd much about the state!
O no! If I forfake him O ye gods!

May vile booksellers all my works forsake,
 Deny me dinners, and refuse a loan.
 May I be forc'd to publish what I write,
 Oh direful! —at my own expence,---and what
 Neglected by the barbarous town, becomes
 Profan'd to ignominious uses vile,
 To wrap up cheese, or wipe the hands of sluts!

Then Inglun-like in debt, O throw me fate
 In that Kings-Bench which holds my patriot dear,
 Where bending o'er the solitary pint
 Deserted by a world of rascals, fools---
 Together we the ministry may curse,
 Vent on the rich and happy all our spleen;
 And meditate together mighty plans
 To save all Europe *and old Inglun too!*

He save, a wretch? she cries, What good can he do?
 Who spent his fortune with a gang of rakes,
 And strumpets, filthy slave! and who has oft
 Blasphem'd his maker, and revil'd his king,
 Around the realm the seeds of Faction sow'd;
 Rous'd dire Rebellion, and the dogs of war.
 Then leave the fiend, and touch a luckier theme,
 To purchase dinners, and to pay our rent!

No never! —Blessings on his name he cry'd?
 But rather curses, she rejoined, and swore
 With imprecating hands high rais'd to heav'n:
 May fiends fraternal call him brother dear,
 And say thy name O Squint is infamy!
 For nature when she saw his unhing'd eye
 Disclaim'd the work! But Satan cry'd—'tis mine!
 And all a devil —he's my darling son!

When

When he's releas'd, for he'd corrupt a goal,
 Let his purse fail him in voluptuous hours,
 And his friends vanish —at the sound of LEND!
 Jilted by whores, and dup'd by meaner knaves,
 May children call him daddy, not his own.
 May bawds and taylor's still refuse him trust,
 And surgeons throw him in the fleet with hurts
 Incurable! And hear me Poverty,
 Discord, and Hate, and all the train of ills,
 And snaky pangs he twisted round our hearts;
 Oh quit our garret, but with him for ever dwell!

Starting at which with fiery eye he kens,
 The haggard dame —entreats —and sues for peace:
 For peace, which he so oft had loudly curs'd
 With horrid imprecations on its makers!
 But war —so oft provok'd, now comes uncall'd,
 Drives round the room, and rattles in the chairs!
 Civil dissention, and intestine feuds,
 Deep into which he strove to throw the state,
 Now on him rush and overflow his soul!
 Clamour unties the dame's shrill tongue, and soon
 The conflict rises high, debate grows strong;
 While by the heart-invading panic seiz'd,
 Cats, dogs, and children in the conflict join!

So when around the wide tea-table blithe,
 The merry wives of handy-crafts are set,
 Gaily to hear the tale of gossip Joan,
 And sip th' East-Indian tincture, qualified
 With that which makes the jolly heart full glad;
 If discord hov'ring round should raise dispute,
 And make two neighbours in opinion jar,
 By drams and friendship join'd in cordial love;
 One side or t'other soon, with party rage,

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And rum inflam'd, the boon companions take ;
And loud as thunder fill the room with strife !

Distraction now flies in, while LOVE gives place,
To hate, contention, and to poverty ;
Who from the window flying cries adieu
Old friends---egad you're at it---so farewell !
The fiends he propagated through the state,
Faction, disloyalty, and false alarms,
Their end unanswer'd soon return and seize,
Unnatural offspring !---seize the fire himself,
Beat in his heart, and tremble in his nerves !

Now broken chairs, with manuscripts and stools,
North-Britons, news, political Reviews,
Books, pamphlets, papers, shovel, tongs, and hats,
Promiscuous fly, amid abusive taunts,
Half-stifled oaths, and dextrous pokes well aim'd ;
'Till from the nose and teeth-divested mouth,
In purple streams and black horrific gore,
Red Danger glides a-down the face distain'd,
Calls for a truce, and cries ---there's blood enough !

Thus, when by chance, two drunken women meet,
In liquor quarrelsome, and full of grudge :
At first their mighty clacks shrill eccho round,
While gathering boys and men well-pleas'd applaud,
Clap their stout backs, and urge their boiling rage.
But high words waken desperate blows ! Off fly
Their caps and kerchiefs, and to eyes profane,
Bare the lank breast, and spread the knotted hair !
Now comes confusion, and the windows fill ;
While crouds high jumping up, surround the fray :
Then children hollow, people laugh, and dogs
Keep barking, as the hogs go grunting off,

Till

'Till the fierce combatants are satisfy'd;
 Who sorely bruis'd, shake hands, and make it up,
 O'er pots of porter, while the mob's dispers'd.

The Fortyfivean now by Fate oppress'd,
 Unable to sustain his loads of care,
 And sinking with the burden of his grief;
 Like the old foggot-man, in fable lore,
 He calls on death—but not with hearty voice—
 To ease his sorrow—there his purpose spoke—
 And take his life—that is---he meant his wife!
 A meaning now a-days---too common grown!
 But Morpheus death's twin brother, heard his moan,
 And huddled off what tatters few remain'd,
 In bed he threw him---supperless poor wretch!
 Bound him with sleep's strong chains, and bury'd him,
 In that forgetfulness which typify'd,
 The vast oblivion whence he ne'er can rise!
 Thus party ends---But catching up the pen
 Duty and loyal love with humble fear
 Breath supplications and prolong the theme.

So may it happen to th'outrageous foes,
 And fierce defamers of my lord the king!
 For stung by malice, and by Faction fir'd,
 And lost to goodness as of virtue void,
 They trampled on the best of characters;
 And for their last grand stroke of wickedness,
 Darted the shaft of rancour at the king;
 And strove to darken his immortal fame:

But like a vapour rais'd against the sun,
 Back on themselves their folly still rebounds;
 While goodness guards him with the shield of truth,
 And heav'n approving stamps him with his image!
 Thus though he knows the primrose paths of vice,

Are

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Are gay with pleasure and delicious joy;
 The ways of virtue rugged and austere;
 Yet by his great superior better taught,
 The first disclaiming he the last selects,
 And scorns to take Indulgence to his arms!

Hence the great study of his reign will be,
 To make his people happy, great, and good;
 Teaching by precepts, but example more!
 His soul abhors the arbitrary thought
 Detested, which would render millions slaves,
 That one frail mortal be as God ador'd!
 No---like a parent his mild sway he marks,
 And with benign affection courts their love,
 Pities th' unduteous, and forgives the fall'n.

Oh then may heav'n indulgent to our pray'rs,
 Show'r down it's choicest blessings on his head;
 And place around his path salubrious health,
 Content delightful, and the sweets of peace.
 Sincere, O let him gain, ye pow'rs above,
 Connubial pleasure, and true filial love,
 Domestic joy and national good-will,
 In all the charities serenely grand,
 Sweet-nam'd, of husband, father, and of king;
 Which full receiving may he still reflect,
 Each joy and blessing on his honour'd queen:
 And on his righteous head long long sustain,
 His earthly diadem, 'till call'd by heav'n,
 He gains a crown immortal in the realms
 Of endless glory, and supernal bliss,
 Amidst the god-like virtuous, and the good!

F I N I S.



